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IN TOUCH

celebrating gay awareness

vol. 1, no.4

january 1974

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keeping *IN TOUCH*

Gentlemen:

My first issue of IN TOUCH arrived a few days ago and I am very pleased and impressed with your publication. However, I was disappointed in not receiving Vol. 1, No. 1 as my first copy. If it is still available I would appreciate receiving it and am enclosing a check to cover that issue plus postage.

Thank you very much.

Milton B. Waff

Back issues of IN TOUCH are available through our subscription department at the cover price (\$1.00) plus \$.50 postage and handling charge. —Editor.

Dear Sir:

Could you kindly send me a copy of your November issue for which I enclose a dollar. Got the October issue and it's beautiful. I'll subscribe later. Can you tell me if there is any way of get-

ting a glossy photo of center section of Paul Behus? Real great.

Bob Fisher

The IN TOUCH LIMITED EDITION (whose ad appears on page 63) offers a beautiful photo print of Paul which is very similar to the one which appeared in our October centerfold. As you may be aware, Issue No. 126 of the Advocate carried a front-page story on Paul who disappeared shortly after our work with him and who seems to be in a very perilous situation. They corrected a couple of bits of information from our presentation—Paul's correct name and place of birth. We changed these facts at Paul's request and in consideration for the fact that he was from a Communist country with rather strong feelings about homosexuality and to which he hoped to return some day. We felt that some consideration for him was important.


We have a great respect and admiration for the Advocate. It is the leading publication within the homophile community. A great deal of hard work has earned it the respect and reputation it has. For a number of years it was the only important voice for the homosexual within the communications field and we strongly support it.

At the same time we feel it is important to comment upon something which seems to have developed from within the organization which could undermine its position and hurt the community as a whole. Within recent months the Advocate has published a group of articles which seem to be concerned far more with sensationalism than with responsible reporting and whose style is much better suited to the National Inquirer than to a prestigious publication. Any newspaper has a responsibility to report the facts, but it also has a responsibility to its society and the individuals within that society to consider the total implications of what it prints. This misuse of others for personal advancement is hardly the most admirable way to progress. It seems to us that the article on Paul is a case in point. The sensational approach to that story may sell newspapers and it furthers the public image of any number of people but I question what it does for Paul and for the rest of us in the final analysis. —Editor

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IN TOUCH comments

Austin Wade, a brilliant and cantankerous New Jerseyite who saved the National Legal Committee from the wreckage of the North American Conference of Homophile Organizations four years ago, was strongly convinced that qualified national experts should pass on all homosexual cases taken on appeal to the higher courts—on the well-known principle (which seems unknown in gay circles) that bad cases make bad law.

But every Gay who gets busted feels the sting of personal injustice and (if he doesn't cop a plea right off) wants to take his case all the way to the Supreme Court.

It's not at all that simple. The Court majority now has a clear ideological commitment to rolling back the "wave of permissiveness." So when a case like the recent appeal of the Florida sodomy statutes produces a unanimously unfavorable ruling, one may suspect that the case was either badly chosen or badly worded, and that a bad case has written worse law for the whole country.

Could a well-selected and well-drawn case have lined up even Justice Douglas (who has been reasonable, aggressively so, on this subject) in such a ruling? The nature of any court ruling is largely predetermined by the facts in the instant case. And it seems most unwise to carry further gay appeals to a Supreme Court pre-inclined to rule against us.

Several gay representatives have since 1967 at least (and some reportedly as early as 1954) met with lower-eschelon officials of the L.A. Police Department, hoping to alleviate the unfair pressures the LAPD exerts on the gay community. Two open Gays have now gone on rides with policemen on patrol (a practice that is standard police/community relations with other minorities), but such a ride has extra risks for a representative of any minority whose members may sometimes feel that all police are enemies.

But if there has been a sort of war going on between Gays and the police, it is our hope to bring that war to an end, or at least de-escalate it to any de-

gree possible.

That means that both Gays and police need to be educated, to the best of our ability, to understand one another, hopefully, even to sympathize with one another, and we don't wait until Ed Davis is gone to start, nor do we stop the program just because there are further acts of provocation against Gays.

But it means above all recognizing that any Gay who does take a ride in a patrol car (and writes about it in the gay press) is putting himself in a very ticklish situation, with no profit whatever to himself, liable to be shot at by both sides. A little understanding on our side would help, particularly as to how we judge what a person may do or such a ride, how we distinguish acts that we might regard as bad judgment, from acts we label treachery to the gay cause. . . .

—JIM KEPNER



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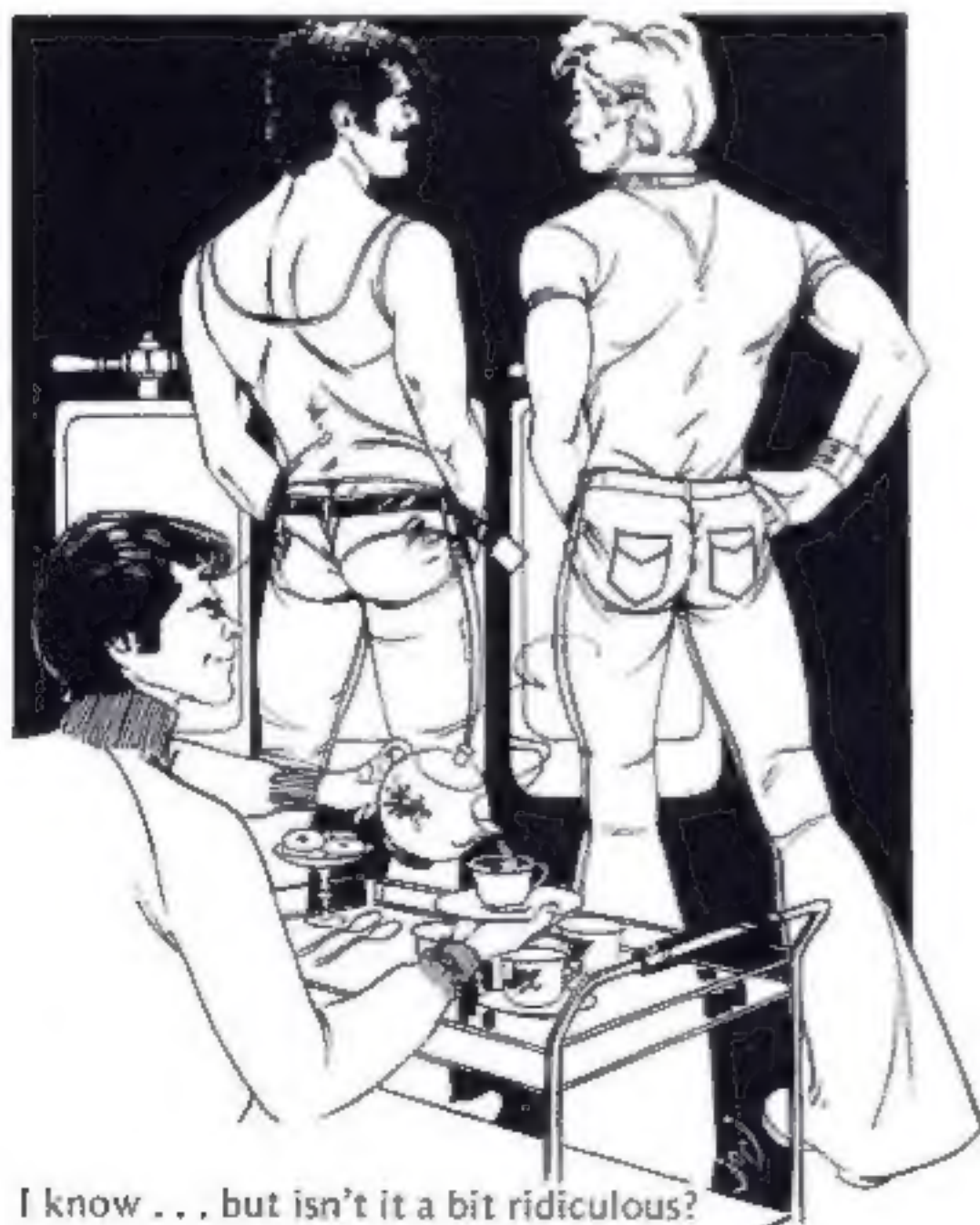


"My insurance company? Why do you ask?"

AD LIBS



"It has richer flavor 'cause it's mountain grown!"



I know . . . but isn't it a bit ridiculous?



"Tell the chief he has one less decoy!"

HEAT OF BREATH

Fernfrosted window...
the heat of breath clears vision -
boyblush midst snowflakes.



SNOWFLAKE CATCHING

Catching one snowflake,
the boy admires symmetry.
It melts in his hand.

FROM BEHIND SNOWFLAKES

From behind snowflakes,
heavenblue eyes spark the air
...pastelling pale day.

Geo. Holimon

The CALENDAR

S

M

T

THEATRE
AUCTIONS
BALLS
CONTESTS
TOURS
Galas
SHOWS
MEETINGS



6



8

8:00 p.m.
SPREE's January meeting
 features films by Pat Rocco
 plus live stage show
HURRAY FOR HOLLYWOOD
 Trouper's Hall
 1625 No. La Brea
 Hollywood

13

14

15

20

ONE, INC. began
 its 10-day tour to Mexico
 yesterday.
 For information write:
 2256 Venice Blvd.
 Los Angeles, Ca. 90006

21

22

27

METROPOLITAN
COMMUNITY CHURCH
 moves into its new building
 which was formerly the
IMMANUEL TEMPLE
 Eleventh and Hill Streets
 Los Angeles

28

8:30 p.m.
CAMELOT BALL
 Mayflower Ballroom
 134 South Hendry
 Inglewood

29

G. B. Shaw's
SAINT JOAN
 starring
 Sarah Miles and Richard Thomas
 opens for 7 weeks at the
AHMANSON
 135 No. Grand Ave.
 Los Angeles

for JANUARY

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11

12

8:00 p.m.
Author JOHN RECHY
Guest Speaker
METROPOLITAN
COMMUNITY TEMPLE
Leo Baeck Temple
1300 No. Sepulveda
West Los Angeles

16

17

18

19

FRONTIER CLUB's
Winter Holiday Weekend
at Highland Springs Ranch Resort
For information write:
P.O. Box 8361
Universal City, Ca. 91608

8:00 p.m.
Monthly meeting of
DIGNITY
Newman Center
4665 Willowbrook
Los Angeles

23

Julian Barry's
LENNY
starring
Sandy Baron
opens a 4-week engagement
OFF BROADWAY
314 "F" Street
San Diego



25

26

31



IN TOUCH will be happy to receive listings for our Calendar. To be included, listing must be in our offices not later than 10th of month preceding issue (Sept. 10 for November, Oct. 10 for December, etc.). Please include location, address and time as well as other pertinent material.

WHERE IT'S AT

BARS

BATHS

Restaurants

THEATRES

Shops

CRUISE AND SCORE SITES

THE PUB—Tourists, beach boys, and locals mix well in this casual atmosphere. 224 Helena, Santa Barbara.

GRIFF'S—Prime leather and Levi stalking, always a horde, lines form for weekend congregating. Studs show early. Bikes. 5574 Melrose, Hollywood.

1170—It is there.

BUNKHOUSE—Kicky roundup bunch with jaunty cowboy bartenders. A few retired rodeo stars hold the fort between shifts of popularity. Never can tell when the rodeo is in town. 4519 Santa Monica Blvd., Los Angeles, towards Silver Lake from the 1170 in Hollywood.

DETOUR—Familiar cruisy location has given birth to new center of activity. Western and leather mixing it up with beer and culture. Films and games and original music. Find it at the corner of Santa Monica and Sunset in Silver Lake at 1087 Manzanita, Los Angeles.

FALCON'S LAIR—Western, leather, and followers. Weekend gang swells out into the patio and up onto the game room. Weekdays strictly cruising. 742 N. Highland, Hollywood.

JAGUAR—Mixed, heavy cruising mingles with swaying crowd. Lines on weekends. Notorious Sunday conventions. 7511 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood.

MIRROR ROOM—Very mixed and lively. Wilshire Guys and Gals together, but not a family affair. Weekend crowd extra jovial. Clean, healthy laughter and liquor. 1600 W 6th, Los Angeles, Wilshire Center.

CLUB CHATEAU—Speak-easy atmosphere found outside of town, brightly lit with lights

on the roof seen from a distance. Extremely cordial hosts and honest friendly crowd. WEEKENDS. 16235 Foothill, Fontana.

THE HUB—Mixed crowd converges for one purpose. Busy pool room waits at end of long corridor bar. 7864 Santa Monica Blvd., West Hollywood.

THE HAYLOFT—Western bar designed for cruising. Mixed afterhours holds good bunch. 11818 Ventura Blvd., Studio City.

TRUCK STOP—T-shirts and tattoos, Levi and sawdust, beer and cruising. Bike conventions on Sundays. Always kicky and jumping weekends. 13257 Ventura Blvd., Studio City.

BIG BROTHER—Seaside cowboys and cowgirls accord a lively mosaic with a pool room temper. 1616 Washington, Venice.

JIM'S CORRAL—Some of the hunkiest numbers in the Southland have discovered where the rustling is good. Becoming stompin' grounds for hot Levi and leather. Just off the Artesia Frwy. at Cherry. 2020 Artesia Blvd., North Long Beach.

LIL LUCY'S—Social gatherings on weekdays easily transform to young heavy cruising mob on weekends. 1200 E. Broadway, Long Beach.

D.O.K. WEST—Most all the gangs come together for Garden Grove's big scene. Sociable types bump elbows with cruisers. 12889 Garden Grove, Garden Grove.

BEE JAYS—Rowdy gang refuses not to have a great time. Everybody welcome, lots of Levi, on the park across from USO and baths. 750 India, San Diego.

SWING—Largest cross-section, cruising for everyone, always busy, come and find your

corner. 3175 India, San Diego.

CLUB—Assortment, leather nights, Sunday Brunch bunch swells to early afternoon crush. 2501 Kettner, San Diego.

PADDLE BOARD II—Daytime beach bar, nighttime cruising and socializing, afterhours mobs, dancing and coffee, must score. 1417 Pacific Coast Hwy., Redondo Beach.

JOE'S—Kicky bar, lots of Levi and leather. Large adjoining game room with plenty of cruising. Early crowd gets mature but never elegant. Late crowd gets raunchy and always ready. 2682 Long Beach Blvd., Long Beach.

NEW LAGOON SALOON—REMODELING. Newly leather, great layout for fun bar, lots of rooms and huge patio. Bike club meetings. Go on in and meet Ray and find out what's happening when. Some crazy trade. 1415 Santa Fe, Long Beach.

TRAFFIC JAM—Humpy bartenders hold the fort for late crowd. Mixed types with some western and some seamen. Bar broken down to three sections: socializing up front, game play around the pool table, and serious cruising in the back room. 4663 Long Beach Blvd., Long Beach.

GAF—All purpose bar-club for Palm Springs area. Entertainment some nights, crowds for dancing, with time for cruising. 67901 Hwy. 111, Cathedral City.

MUST SCORE TIME

THE OUTCAST—Early hours heavy leather score, workout Levi score, kinky score. Gangs mix during afterhours, tangling through three-room cruising grounds. Santa Monica Blvd. at Virgil Ave. in Silver Lake.

OUTER LIMITS—The whole town shows up afterhours, crowding chicken out onto the ultraviolet dance floor and filling all empty spaces; Tiffany trade poolroom find harmonious balance. 11918 Garden Grove in Garden Grove.

JERRY'S HOLE—Chicken coop crowd keeps dancing while the afterhours flow fills the hole. Heavy cruising in the patio. 1858 San Diego, San Diego.

TRADESMAN—Raunchy before hours group gives way to more elegant raunch engaged in heavy cruising in double bar with double movie. Entwining throngs. Just off the alley. Melrose at Vista, West Hollywood.

LARRY'S—Larry must be one of the most popular guys in the gay leather community. His new bar, a clean, barren, slightly poshy



THE KOKRIT

301 TURK ST. SAN FRANCISCO, 775-3260

dungeon is L.A.'s first liquor-leather bar. Hot and heavy cruising, mostly leather with plenty of real bikes. Melrose Avenue near Van Ness, Los Angeles.

EL CAPITAN—Established local fun spot. A most raunchy atmosphere houses very friendly and boisterous crowd. Jovial barmaids. Packed on weekends, small weekday crowds. 13825 Hawthorne Blvd., Hawthorne.

MINE SHAFT—New kinky bar, Levi and rather, plenty of cruising. Weeknights get raunchy and mature; weekends cruisy and younger. Sunday buffet draws some seafood. 1720 E. Broadway, Long Beach.

MOSTLY ON THE DANCE FLOOR

MUG—Weekend hotspot, good dance floor with young social mobs. Artificial atmosphere with good music constantly changing moods. 8612 Garden Grove, Garden Grove.

AFTER DARK—Disco, D.J., pulls in nightly congestion. Core regiment into fashion but atmosphere remains relaxed. One ballroom, three bars, dining room, and lookout balcony. Find it on Beverly Blvd., the northeast corner at La Cienega Blvd., in West Hollywood.

GINO'S—Disc jockey now emphasizes the in-fashion dance craze, dancing all night, must-score posse gets raunchy, perennial chicken gone fashion, jitterbugging hags, pool playing trade, all types, all friendly. 8452 Melrose, West Hollywood.

BUTCH GARDENS—Very California with gay caballeros prancing among the friendliest casual crowd. Large barroom dance. Decor is bizarre, an assemblage of gargoyle stone walls, red rams' heads breathing fire, mirrors and dancing beams of light. Good cruising and cheerful bartenders for talkers. 3037 Sunset Blvd., Silver Lake.

OIL CAN HARRY'S—The dancers meet here for nightly congregations. Also cruising but mostly conflux. 11502 Ventura, Studio City.

OFFICE—Black light ballroom boogie and orange light corner pinball are both neatly shuffled into a large mirror box. 13817 Ventura, Sherman Oaks.

OUTER LIMITS—Afterhours, Disco, mongrel symposium with elegant air of nostalgia; Valley youths into fashion arrive early. Enter in the rear off Whittsett on the east side before reaching the south corner at Magnolia, in North Hollywood.

DIAMOND HORSESHOE—Fun saloon atmosphere hosts mobs every night for cruising and dancing. Two bars, separate dance floor; small cartoon theatre. 2523 E. Anaheim, Wilmington.

VICTOR HUGO'S—Show spot with separate dance floor and bar. Good weekend crowd, crowded most nights after show. Cover. 750 E. Broadway, Long Beach.

OUTRIGGER—Hybrid tribe into dancing, beachbar weekdays, nightly crowds intertwine parties, mobs on Sunday from all over town. 844 W. Mission, Mission Bay, San Diego.

DIABLO 5—Intersexual mix, mostly girls' bar with large reinforcements of boys and straights. Everybody dancing. Large adjoining bar and game room. 2533 El Cajon, San Diego.

GOLIATH'S—Phantasmagorical night show with quadraphonic sound and plenty of weird people dancing here and there and anywhere. Mostly into fashion, there is a loud clatter of platform heels but the mob is mixed and cruising also is fine. New bar, still shaping identity, whatever that is in a place like that. 7011 Melrose, Hollywood.

ALSO DANCE FLOOR

HANDLEBAR—Rudy is waiting to take care of you. Fun dancing, sociable liquor bar, and cozy grill in back. One of the friendliest spots in Hollywood. 5925 Franklin Ave.

RIVER CLUB—Two bars, one comfortable bar with nice leaners-on watching small floor filled with graceful dancers, also a corner bar near the pool table where the boys are supposed to hang out. 3152 Riverside Dr., in North Silver Lake.

RENDEZVOUS LOUNGE—Small crowd for dancing, dark and cruisy corners, and neighborhood social bar as well. 7746 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood.

BRASSRAIL—Backbar has moved up front to consolidate cruising grounds, a safer bet than last month for groovy cruising. 836 N. Highland, Hollywood.

S.S. FRIENDSHIP—Always lively waves of beachgoers but also lively local night spot for tides of dancing and cruising. 112 W. Channel Rd., Santa Monica.

PADDLE BOARD II—Services large South Bay area for cruising, socializing, dancing, and afterhours must-score. Weekend hordes. 1417 Pacific Coast Hwy., Redondo Beach.

THE CLUB HOUSE—Warm atmosphere created by gentle blend of various types of local people. Coziness of being almost private and the friendliness of being open to visitors. Also a team from Cal Tech adds party atmosphere. 1936 E. Colorado, Pasadena.

BARBARY COAST—Large dance floor holds good weekend crowd. Dance and look up at silver bellies plopping into the airport. Exciting and noisy flight pattern. 2431 Pacific Hwy., San Diego.

HOP HOUSE—Growing accommodations soon to include dance floor for already jumping group. Cheerful renaissance management. 3827 Park Blvd., San Diego.

THE AIRPORT—Formerly Latin nightclub has given way to the Silver Lake surge. Good neighborhood for large dance floor. Should catch on, probably already has. Friendly, check it out. 3626 Sunset Blvd., Silver Lake, Los Angeles.

GLASS ONION—Beer and wine lounge, good dance floor, sometimes shows, great buffet on Wednesday, weekend rush at 19723 Ventura Blvd., Woodland Hills.

ENTERTAINMENT AND SUCH

LLOYD—Sandra Alexander sings soul into your unholy flesh, also pick up the children by the toes and throws them out on the dance floor. Mixed intersexual dancing and other minglings. 739 N. La Brea, Hollywood.

BLA BLA CAFE—Coffeehouse atmosphere with plenty of good acts. Great for insomniacs, music lovers, parties, and lots of love. Famous for afterhours breakfast. 11059 Ventura, Studio City.

C'EST LA VIE—Thick with atmosphere, comfortable lounge with female impersonators engaged in pantomime of a 1940's Pearl Harbor floor show. International numbers prevail. Tourist spot. 11920 Ventura, Studio City.

CAESAR'S—Quality live acts, impersonators and comics. Reservations suggested. 12179½ Ventura, Studio City.

REDWOOD ROOM—Female impersonators in established showbar. Sometimes the best show in town and then again . . . 3372 W. 8th, Wilshire District, Los Angeles.

TOY TIGER—Large lounge with great piano bar. Blake Hudson at the grand creating nappy singalong of old favorites and current show tunes. Nightly mobs. 2538 Hyperion, Silver Lake.

PIER XII—Weekend comic skits for campy fun, just off the beach, very mixed clientele. 2722 Main St., Santa Monica.

MARY S. CELEBRITY HOUSE—Gina at the piano spellbinds all the young men downstairs with her blue-eyed soul. Upstairs has majestic ocean view dining. 5101 E. Ocean, Long Beach.

VICTOR HUGO'S—Part of this entertainment complex includes a show room for a variety of entertainment. Call for program. 730 E. Broadway, Long Beach. (213) 433-0331.

SHOW BIZ—Manager-director Clint Johnson lives and breathes to entertain you. His **TURNABOUTS** is the best show going anywhere. Live singing, impersonations, burlesque skits, and pantomimes are all put

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through the limits of spectacle on a small stage. 1421 University, San Diego.

QUEEN MARY—Fun crowds always. Female impersonators; comic skits, live and pantomime; amateur nights. The showroom now has a name—The King's Den. 12449 Ventura, Studio City

MARY'S HANG UP—Very mixed bar, always one scene or another happening here. Weekends have a most unique drag show. Catch the Dimpled Darlings, 714 Garnet, Pacific Beach, San Diego.

SUNSET EAST—Slowly an alley cat showbar is becoming famous. O.K. cruising, good crowds, weekend floor shows. 4007 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood.

SHIP 'N SHORE—Behind Captain Dick's on Crenshaw you can find a spot for good people, friendly people, happy people, people you thought had vanished from the face of the jaded planet. Entertainment every weekend includes specialty acts like hypnotists that "like to hypnotize gay boys" and comedy teams. Join me there, 5215 S. Crenshaw, Hawthorne.

COMING CLEAN

HYPERION BATHS—Clean, adequate facilities, friendly attendants, educated clientele. Daytime bath, especially fun on Wednesday afternoon and other early evenings. 2114 N. Hyperion, Silverlake, L.A.

CYPRESS BATHS—Busy South Pasadena spot open to the public with 22 rooms and upstairs. Steam and sauna. Nice attendants, weekend crowds. 3241 N. Figueroa, South

Pasadena—Mt. Washington.

SERPENT 8 CLUB—Private club. Clean, responsible institution. Large growing crowd each night. Gym, Sauna, Color TV., 25 rooms. 4109 Burbank Blvd., No. Hollywood.

YMAC—Young Men's Athletic Club, a small club for members and guests, good facilities, private rooms and large bunkhouse upstairs. Hunky types abound. 7661 Melrose, West Hollywood.

3rd STREET ATHLETIC CLUB—Private club with nice facilities. Young, healthy, and lively members and quiet, private rooms. 8709 W 3rd St., West Hollywood.

ORLANDO BATHS—Small, private club with real Finnish Rock Steam. Mature but experienced and wholesome members. Wednesday night is buddy night. Closed at 1 AM. 309 S. Orlando, West Hollywood.

MELROSE SOCIAL CLUB—Private bath, guests welcome. Usually active but not too busy. Mature crowd. 7269 Melrose, West Hollywood.

CYPRESS BATHS—Formerly Gemini Baths. Small and private for early evening get together. 5291 Fountain, Hollywood.

TURKISH BATHS—Mature crowd turns lively and mixed afterhours weekends. Private rooms usually filled and hallways light for cruising. Good rendezvous spot. 5524 Santa Monica, Hollywood.

MID-TOWNE BATHS—The best facilities to be found, includes three floors of private

rooms, swimming pool indoors, jacusi, two steam rooms, lounges, game room, television room, and restaurant. Cleanest facilities and best accommodations. Large membership and many Saturday night guests. 24 hours. 615 S. Kohler, Downtown Los Angeles.

GLEN'S—Turkish baths around the clock. Mobs caravan only on weekends. Established. 4550 Brooklyn, East Los Angeles.

CORRAL CLUB—Many corridors, many rooms, all sizes and shapes for all trips. Good services and accommodations. Always crowded, always variety; heavy young. 3747 Cahuenga, Studio City

AMERICAN CONTINENTAL BATH—Convenient North Hollywood bath with plenty of private rooms and a very interesting series of interconnected bunk rooms. Friendly attendants and open membership. 5729 Cahuenga, North Hollywood.

HOLIDAY BATHS—Decent setup, good service, open around the clock. Mixed respectable crowd. 14435 Victory, Van Nuys.

WELLINGTON CLUB—Around the clock crowd, mostly young with a lot of humpy numbers. Nice facilities with outdoor heated pool and patio. 1202 E. Anaheim, Wilmington.

ATLAS BATHS—Small, lively downtown bath with raunchy types. Across from Bee Jays and USO. 743 Columbia, Downtown San Diego.

GLEN'S TURKISH BATHS—Downtown mixed crowd makes for an exciting adventure. Good accommodations as well. 867 4th, Downtown San Diego.

DAVE'S—Always busy with weekend crush scene. Clean and modern. Established. 4969 Santa Monica, Ocean Beach, San Diego.

GLEN'S—Not private, open 24 hours, steam room, sauna, color TV, poolroom, private rooms, friendly crowds, just off Ventura Frwy. 4653 Lankershim, No. Hollywood.

YORK BATHS—Very private affairs are over fast and roam around corridors filled with shameless lovers and recreant employees. 5013 York, Highland Park, L.A.

AQUARIUS—Small steam room, showers, TV room, private rooms. Heavy city. Fast score corridors. Interesting parties. Educated clientele. 4504 Eagle Rock, Eagle Rock, L.A.

LEVI CLUB—Extremely accommodating personnel will take care of your dirty bag and other locker needs, right away, and send you into the hordes of swarming bodies that make up the clientele of this frolic spot. Just fifteen minutes from Hollywood, off the San Bernardino Frwy. During off-ramp construction call (213) 686-1851 for loving guidance. They're at 10715 Garvey in El Monte.

OIL CAN HARRY'S SPA—Plenty of action here when everywhere else is out of season. Fine facilities for finer people, dancing in the ashes from scene to scene, a variety to choose from. 68999 Broadway, Cathedral City, for the Palm Springs area.

PALACE BATHS—This relic can be said to have a certain charm, a mystique of raunchy, dilapidated institution. Quiet all year-round, it must be there for someone. 132 E. 4th St. Downtown L.A.



KAMERA

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ALLEY CATS CORNER

ODYSSEY Sex on the skids stays healthier near the beach. 221 State St., Santa Barbara.

SPOTLIGHT—Selma Avenue rest stop mixes it up with golden Cadillac cars and neighborhood alley cats. Always a party. Cruising pays off. 1621 Cahuenga, Downtown Hollywood.

SPEAK 39—Heavy trade mixes it up with beautiful exotic drags. Gets rough, gets happy, gets tough, gets frolicky, and always alive. Cahuenga at Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood.

ALDO'S—Just off the alley. Plenty of talk and drink and food. Sunday brunch makes good bait. Trade makes calls. Drags welcome when ladylike. Bartenders are the friendliest. 6413 Hollywood Blvd., Downtown Hollywood.

HOUSE OF IVY—Dance floor for mixed rabble, friendly trade on break. Perennial spot with ever-changing environment. 1640 N. Las Palmas, Downtown Hollywood.

THE ALLEY—*Bold Venture at the Alley* is a sometimes busy place and tourist rest stop, usually trade. 6357 Hollywood Blvd., Downtown Hollywood.

CHIEF CRAZY HORSE SALOON Bizarre atmosphere has become home for trade gone gay. Good spot to find a wrestling partner. Hollywood and Vine, in the heart of Hollywood.

MY HOUSE—Neighborhood alley cats come together for lots of laughter and elbow bending. 1626 N. Cahuenga, Downtown Hollywood.

THE NEW GASLIGHT—Promising renaissance in a ley fare, should have no trouble in bringing crowd together. On the grounds of the late Sewers of Paris, with the namesake of the Gaslight, and modernized atmosphere of the Vieux Carre, something is bound to happen. Check it out, just off Selma at Ivar, behind the Ivar Theatre, Downtown Hollywood.

LEMON TWIST LOUNGE—Clean and comfortable with well-behaved clientele usually will score. Worthwhile. 6434 Yucca, Downtown Hollywood.

J B's—Cozy spot for alley cats to get to know each other. 6365 Yucca, Downtown Hollywood.

THE CELLAR—Strictly trade. Bath upstairs. On Santa Monica west of Western, Hollywood.

LAST CALL SALOON—Trade, Latins, Oakies, limp-wrist veterans, and closet queens move about the pool table or clutch glasses in corners. Santa Monica Blvd. just east of Western, Hollywood.

HAROLD'S—Cuspidor and linoleum atmosphere hosts mixing of traveling trade, respectable gentlemen, questionable ladies, approachable lost souls and liquor. 555 S. Main, Downtown L.A.

THE WALDORF—Spittoon and concrete atmosphere plays host to heavy traffic mix of mainstreet locals, trade, servicemen, Latins, and other fiery types. 527 S. Main, Downtown L.A.

THE CROWN JEWEL—Downtown locals, traveling trade, California caballeros, and tourists blend in mellow scene. Good pool. 754 S. Olive, Downtown L.A.

CIRCLE BAR—City gentlemen play host to country boys. 324 W. 5th, Downtown L.A.

THE HAVEN—City street locals find agreeably comfortable shelter and amazingly accommodating trade at pool table. Broadway at Long Beach Blvd., Downtown Long Beach.

BRADLEY'S—On Horton Plaza, this huge barroom opens back its doors to heavy downtown traffic of tradesmen, servicemen, gentlemen, and trade. 303 Broadway, Downtown San Diego.

BRASS RAIL—Reopening under construction across the street. Formerly 3802 5th St., Downtown San Diego. Check it out.

CORNER POCKET—Lots of pool paces out the cruising style of trade studs. Sometimes rowdy crowd kept in toe by the seriousness of the cruising rituals. Lacks the zest added by the psychedelic rabble of years gone by but much better for scoring. 8800 Sunset Blvd., West Hollywood.

MUSTER INN—Pretty gypsy boy bartenders and a few rugged types are carefully watched over by local neighborhood cracker Gays. Strange. Otherwise jazzy neighborhood, this hotel echoes rare country rock and rouge. Lots of atmosphere undefined. 2222 E. Anaheim, Long Beach.

ROMAN IV—Heavy downtown traffic with plenty of room to roam. Pool tables have own side of the bar and the rituals are set but fast. Easy to score, servicemen, tradesmen, gentlemen, and trade seem in good accord. Fun lo-

cation. 14 Elm St., Long Beach.

ONION TOO—Constant mixing traffic, trade, drag, hustle, chicks, butch, fems, and assorted other alley cats. Pool, dancing, loud talk, and funky fun. After hours alley cat mob scene. Lively. Alley cat stomp. 1540 N. Cahuenga, Hollywood.

THE COVEN—Union hall crowd restless in angry atmosphere. Friendly girls weave web for mean guys. Seldom crowded, always open. 6907 Santa Fe, Huntington Park.

THE GALLEY—Very mixed, trade, hags, chicks, and lovelies nestle round busy pool table in small bar. Sometimes straight group prevails but bartenders friendly to all. On Gower just north of Sunset, Hollywood.

DINING IN THE RAW

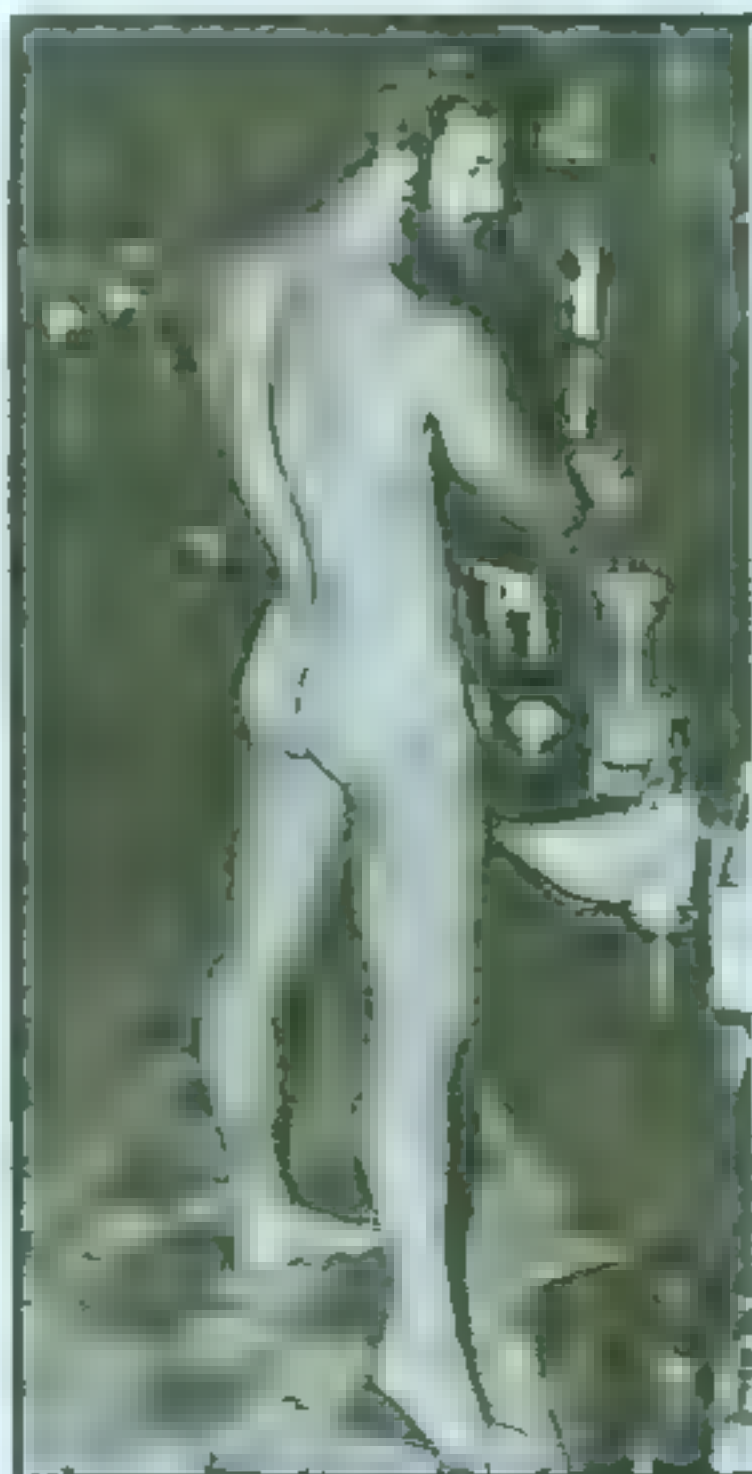
AU PETIT JOINT

This tiny dining room is mobbed so reservations are definitely in order; call 656-9234. Funky atmosphere and groovy waiters augment interesting menu. Medium price is \$5.25. 7953 Santa Monica Blvd., West Hollywood. Closed Sundays.

BLA BLA CAFE

Funky decor is settling for best folk/rock/comic entertainment in town. Offbeat menu features justifiably famous omelets and specialty items, from dinners to snacks. Wine and beer served. Also open afterhours. Groovy straights and Gays. Small cover charge after 9 p.m. at 11059 Ventura Blvd., Studio City. Call 769-8912.

Continued on Page 57



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I GREW UP DANCING

To spend a morning with Harvey Evans is to be corked in a bottle of liquid sunshine with laugh sparkles

First off, he's absolutely funny as hell, with all the energy of a cocker spaniel puppy. The whole aura surrounding him is a series of air sculptures, and Harvey's the artist. It's not that he talks with just his hands as much as with his whole body. His energy crackles his entire surroundings. He's about twenty going on twelve.

Then, suddenly, underneath all this gee-whiz-kid—an image on which he's built an enormously successful career—a serious young man emerges. You suddenly understand what all the shouting's about. It's this self-revealing multilayered magic that brought critics across the country to their ballpointed feet over his performance in *Our Town*—the performance he considers his highest mark to date, and surely the turning point for the song-and-dance-man part of him. All of this has brought him to a precarious threshold with two paths clearly marked before him. There is only this one small problem . . . which way to go.

One path—certainly the hardest to turn down and maybe even the hardest to make his way along—would be as a young heartthrob matinee idol. He's very well equipped for a little trip into idoldom, with chipper good looks (in spite of the fact he says, "I really dread screen tests. I hate my nose." It's a perfectly fine nose.), a friendly offhand charm and a gracefully masculine manner. In fact, with only a step in the wrong direction, there he would be, another of those friendly, easy-to-take, boy-next-door guys making a fortune, but wasting a really great talent. That other path, bedrocked with obstacles while offering his super serious actor-self rewards money couldn't come within spitting distance of, is that of the young leading character comedian. He would be joining an underwhelming group of three who have achieved success in a trendy new uncharted field—Jack Lemmon, the pacesetter, Dick Van Dyke, and, most recently, Alan Alda. Naturally, given a choice he quickly picks the latter, but time, space, energy AND casting play funny tricks . . . so, who knows. A part he just finished for United Artists in *The Bank Shot* starring George C. Scott may well push him right on along this preferred path. Charles Champlin in the *Los Angeles Times* describes the nutty characters of *The Bank Shot* as "... so inept they could not steal

water from a public fountain."

It defines itself down to a question, for Harvey, of waiting. It's not, you understand, merely waiting for parts. Those come with no problem. It's like he says: "The telephone rings, I answer, and an audition or part is waiting. . . . I never worry about it." At this point the question is far more one of direction . . . the direction that is going to make his career take a distinctive shape. It already hopscotched along a path that is hit-littered and star-sprinkled. He did have the good fortune to start it with a dance teacher who forced her pupils onto any available stage to perform at every other whip-stitch. He accurates it, "It was there on those little stages performing before people that I really *learned*. You learn dance by dancing, like you learn acting by acting. Every workshop has that seemingly brilliant talent that just can't make it on a real stage in front of real people."

All this learning took place, as he fondly, winsomely recalls, as part of his growing up in Cincinnati. "The reason I started it all is I was shy, just like so many other kids who started the same way for the very same reason." The real wonder is he's managed to retain his wonder . . . that fresh boyish quality so many of the other shy kids, who train from the time they can move, tend to hard-veneer over as a protection. Evans shows no signs of this veneer-hardness. Natural wonderment, delighted discovery come as easily to him as breathing. Like a choice tidbit of the latest Hollywood gossip has the effect of the world's biggest all-day sucker handed to a six-year-old. This eternal enchantment extends to the theatre—"No matter, Broadway will always be IT for me." Seems his dipping into Show-Biz Glo-Coat just didn't take . . . thank God!

"So . . . I grew up dancing. Good old Mom and Dad—both recalled fondly, affectionately—'kicked' me out. They told me that if I wanted to make it, I had to go to New York, and not to stick around home for 'just a little longer'."

His first job, after his New York arrival (advice taken and quickly followed), was the chorus of the touring edition of *Damn Yankees* with Bobby Clark and Sherry O'Neill. "It was great fun. As much as I hate living out of a suitcase, I do love doing those shows everywhere." He warm-remembers all the cast in a whirling tumble-tunnel-fun recall, "We had to be the most illegal company ever . . . all of us underage, and no teacher."





The run ended in Hollywood, where he danced in a small succession of films beginning with *The Girl Most Likely* with Jane Powell, Cliff Robertson, and Kaye Ballard. ("Just think, I was in the movie that closed down RKO.") Then to Warner Brothers to join John Raitt and Doris Day in *The Pajama Game*; and finally the last of the Golden-Age-Musical at MGM, *Silk Stockings* with Fred Astaire and Cyd Charisse. But, a call from Bob Fosse with whom he'd worked before, brought him back to Broadway, and a bright string of hits. Starting with very small dance parts he worked his way up to good supporting musical roles like the one in *New Girl in Town* with Gwen Verdon ("My God, what a dancer . . . what energy . . . you constantly have to keep in shape to keep up!"), and Thelma Ritter. This led to *West Side Story* and this theatrical landmark also proved to be a landmark for Harvey—but more about that a bit later. After that, it was back to Fosse, Verdon and *Redhead*, and then settling down to a nice long run in *Gypsy* with Ethel Merman, in which he eventually moved up to the second-billed male role, Tulsa.

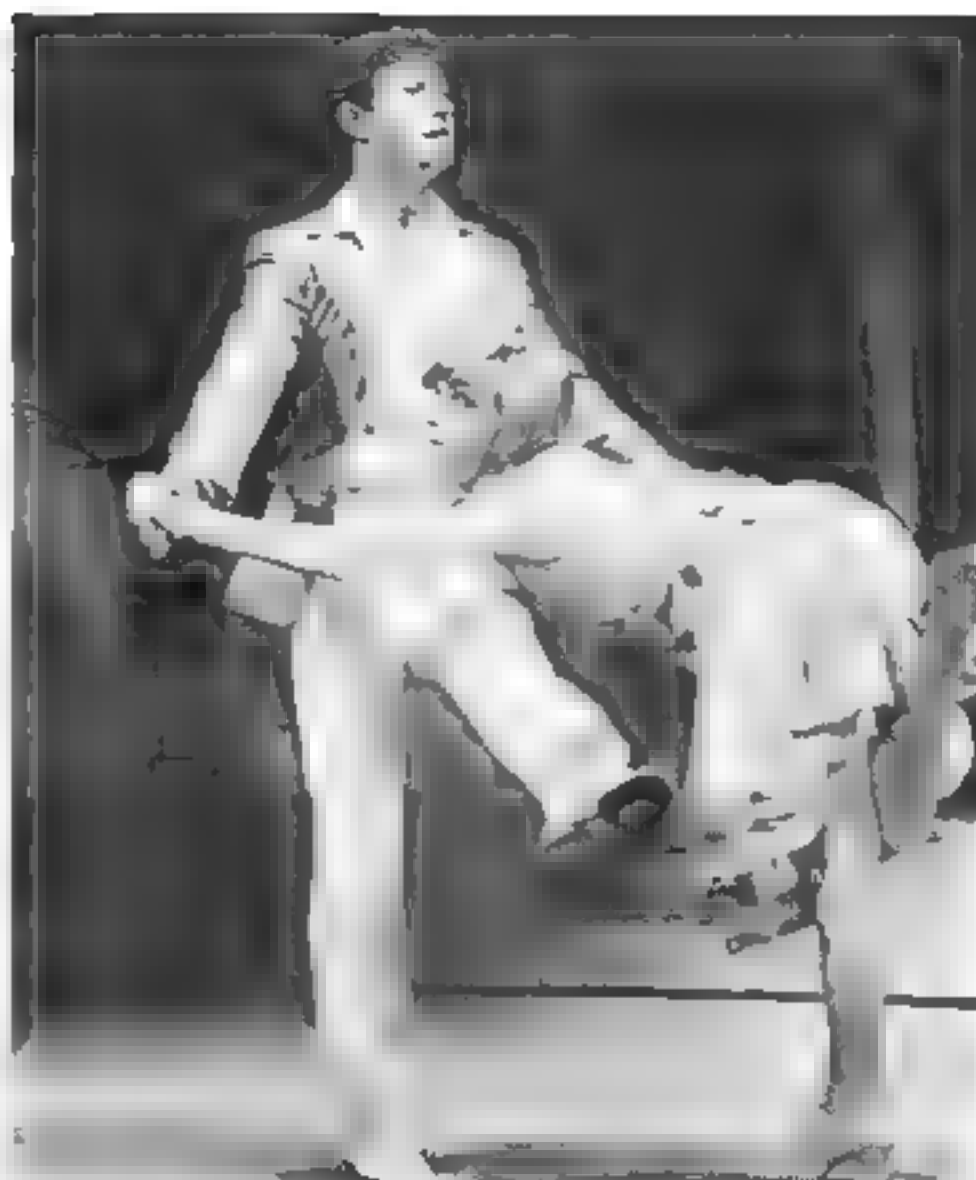
Next came the film version of *West Side Story*, and once again he was West Coasting. Many of the original company were reassembled—a ploy that often fails miserably on film, but not here. Sparks were ignited and the musical of the decade laid firmly to rest all those dated soap-operettas we've all come to know and hate. "That cast was the scourge of the Samuel Goldwyn lot. You see, the cast had been encouraged to rivalry in New York, and it continued here. There we used to hang around the stage door, street cornering it . . . 'yeah, man.' On the Goldwyn lot, it went a lot further . . . a group of jets would ambush a lone

Shark and tear his pants off. Things got so bad Billy Wilder, who had all his offices on the same lot at the time, was screaming that if somebody didn't do something about those goddamn kids, he was moving out all his people."

Strangely, instead of solidifying the direction of the performers' careers, the film seemed to send all its participants off on a new course—Natalie Wood off to heavier drama; Richard Beymer off to the Actors Studio; George Chakins off to non-musical roles; Rita Moreno off to character parts; and Harvey Evans off to a soap opera, "The Brighter Day," which he did for nearly a year ("They finally killed me off."). It was, all disadvantages aside, a strong foray into straight dramatic acting, and a great training ground. It was here in the soap that the idea of acting, really acting, began to take shape. A good performance in a fine little film, *Experiment in Terror*, for Blake Edwards with Lee Remick and Glenn Ford pushed it even further. "When I first started dancing, that was the limit of my vision. I simply wanted to be the 'Best Dancer'. I soon realized I would never make it. What I really lacked was that fierce dedication you find in really serious dancers, like the ones in ballet. Then as I thought about it more, I turned more and more to acting."

However, money does have a certain charm . . . and pull . . . and Harvey found he was fickle by fate's finger. A call came to do the part of Barnaby in the Carol Channing road company of *Hello, Dolly!* He refused it. An offer of more money was shot back, and he was shot down. "I really did want to try and make it here in California . . . but that money was just too good. It's probably just as well. I probably wasn't ready anyway." *Dolly* proved a good choice, though, and set records the country over. It has a one-performance-all-time-attendance high, worldwide, that has not been equaled. The road company eventually brought him back to Broadway and the same show with Betty Grable. Following this it was *George M* with Joel Grey, a show for which there was great hope. "I don't know what happened. The magic just did not take place. It was the most unbelievably good cast ever assembled." He ran off the names of a staggering group of talented young performers, all well on their way to achieving success, "... and that's just the chorus!" This hoped for but not achieved success/recognition coupled with the chaos of the Chicago Democratic Convention. . . . Evans is very political, very involved . . . sagged him emotionally and artistically and he entered his longhair period beginning a self-imposed career hiatus and soul search. The part that finally pulled him out of these doldrums was the role of George, the young boy, in *Our Town*.

He joined the Plumstead Playhouse production, with its star-studded cast, premiering at the Coconut



Harvey Evans (right) joins the Jets in taunting Anita (Rita Moreno) in the drugstore scene from "West Side Story" (United Artists—opposite page, top left). Harvey as Young Buddy partners Young Sally (Marti Ralph) in "Folies" (Van Williams—opposite, center). Cornelius (Will McKenzie) tells Barnaby (Mr. Evans) of the wonders of New York City in "Hello, Dolly!" (Kenn Duncan—opposite, bottom). Another drugstore; as George (Harvey) and Emily (Elizabeth Hartman) discuss life in Grover's Corners in "Our Town" (Ray Fisher—opposite, top right). Bobby (Mr. Evans) joins Mitzi (Sandy Duncan) in the celebrated Charleston number in "The Boy Friend" (Barry Kramer—above top). Ruby and Dick (Ann-Margret and Harvey) find true love right away with "It's You" in "Dames at Sea" (NBC—above bottom).



Grove Playhouse in Miami. It was here he also learned to come to grips with reviews. "That lesson—the one with reviewer—wow. When we opened, threw me so far off pace, I was rotten—I mean really rotten—for days. My director sat me down and gave me some really great advice: 'If you believe the good ones, then you gotta believe the bad ones.' He was right. I am no longer ruled by the reviews . . . at least I know not to take to heart good ones or change because of the bad ones." The Miami run was followed by even greater successes in New York and Los Angeles. No one sums up this moving theatre experience as well as Brooks Atkinson, the highly respected Dean of the New York critics, late of the *New York Times*, in his book, *Brooks Atkinson's Broadway*:

"Since *Our Town* had a memorable performance by the original cast in 1938, the merit of the revival in the ANTA Theatre thirty-one years later should not be regarded as surprising. But the sensitive and moving 1969 production with Henry Fonda, Mildred Natwick, Ed Begley, Elizabeth Hartman and Harvey Evans in the leading parts confirms an old conviction that, in addition to many charlatans, there are many golden people on Broadway. Give them a humane script, like *Our Town*, and they make it glow; they can give it an overtone of wonder."

In addition to the above-mentioned people, the cast also included such great character people as Margaret Hamilton, John Beal, John Randolph, and Irene Tedrow. His eyes shine with remembered pleasure "I'm such an incurable fan. The first day I went to rehearsals I wanted to run around and ask everyone for their autographs. All those great character people.

I'd grown up with them in all their movies. That's the reason I really had a problem dealing with those reviews."

A touch of sad semi-bitter . . . which is as bitter as he ever gets . . . concerning Hollywood's casting people and agents: "When we were playing *Our Town* out here, I went around to all those people with the reviews, inviting them to the show. It just didn't do any good. To them I was still that song-and-dance man. I got absolutely nowhere. Incredible!" So, he went back to New York and the new Stephen Sondheim solo musical, *Anyone Can Whistle*, pure advance musical pop-art, highly unappreciated, and well ahead of not only its time, but that whole just-around-the-corner vogue. He still respects it as what it is . . . an honest failure, and has now found the ability to deal with it and the self-respect of venturing into such an undertaking. "It has probably gone past the time to revive it, as everyone was talking of doing. No matter . . . I loved it, and I loved doing it. I'd do it all the same again."

A funny little stint followed at the New York World's Fair, important only in that his learning is a constant. Doing a staged product demonstration as a comedy (he was Mr. Wrong to another actor's Mr. Right), he recalls, "... it honed my comedy timing like nothing else I've ever done. I used to hang around after I was through, or come early, just to watch the people." His first plunge into nightclubs followed—again there's that "good money"—and he joined Debbie Reynolds, an old and good friend, as one of the two boys featured in her highly successful turns in major clubs across the country. All the while he

learned . . . and it paid off. He auditioned for and got that all-important first comedy co-starring role in the revival of *The Boyfriend* starring Judy Carne. As can be expected all the notices went to him and his partner, Sandy Duncan, in the role that catapulted her to stardom. He recalls it as his second glowing notice from John Simon—who's not exactly noted as being kind to actors.

It seemed only natural that after being in the trendsetting musical of the Fifties, he should also be chosen to co-star in what must be regarded as the trendsetting musical of the Seventies. He was cast in another of Sondheim's solo efforts, *Follies*, playing Gene Nelson's mirror-image-young-ghost, joining Alexis Smith, Yvonne DeCarlo, Dorothy Collins, and John McMartin. "I am so weary of defending that show! It is simply a masterpiece. But, talk about ahead of its time . . . no one understood it. Oh, it does have some sort of 'Follies' clique but, well . . . I don't understand. After those songs—Stephen's wonderful songs—that move both you and the show along, how can anyone accept any more of those big numbers that grind the play to a halt and go absolutely nowhere? I know as a performer I can't. Anyway, it was a very great experience."

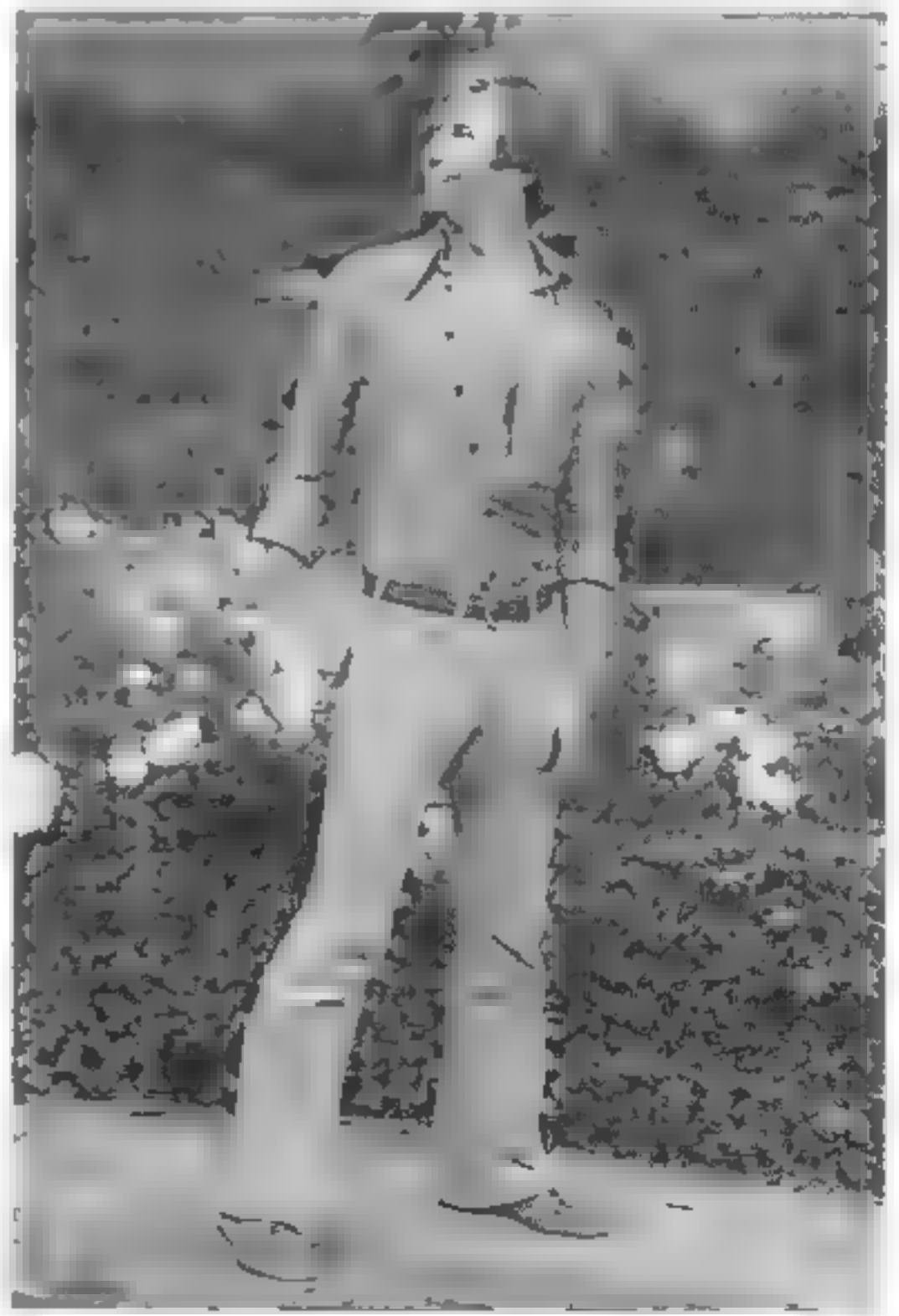
Three television shows followed in a quick succession. After that, he played Los Angeles once again, this time in *Follies*, and to the same strange love/hate relationship that was experienced in New York. Funny, those television exposures brought him before more people than all his previous work combined. He starred in *Dames at Sea* with Ann-Margret and Ann Miller; then *Applause* co-starring as Laurel Bacall's gay hairdresser—but played way, way down for the folks in their homes, much to his consternation; and ultimately co-starred with his old favorite, Gwen Verdon, in *Ed Sullivan's Broadway* which featured the mambo number, "Who's Got the Pain" from *Damn Yankee*.

It all comes full circle, and right now here he is back in Hollywood, doing *Bank Shot* with Mr. Scott. He exclaims through his fan-wide eyes, "Can you imagine working with GEORGE C. SCOTT? It's just finished so it's kinda hard to talk about it. I really have great hopes. It, you know, FELT good, but I'll have to wait until I see the finished thing, because . . . who knows?" And again we rearrive—having stalked full circle to that door of the two paths. He exhales a quick bright laugh: "Funny . . . how I remembered all that stuff. That not remembering is one of my problems. I'm by no means a quick study. It really is hard to recall all those parts and plays . . . but not PEOPLE, NEVER people . . . the other things, I just do 'em and forget 'em." In one quick look back, on being asked what he missed out on that he's sorry about, he mused: "I guess not getting the part in Dal-

ton Trumbo's *Johnny Got His Gun* . . . Sure, I know it wouldn't have been good casting. I am just too old for an eighteen-year-old. Still, one of my greatest thrills was testing for it, and being supervised by Mr. Trumbo. For me that was good enough. . . ." His plans include a definite return to Broadway, more film, and something he's working on now at a major studio. His only immediate plan, though, is to have a Happy Holiday season, a pleasure he missed last year in that mid-low point. It's going to be close, warm, comfortable, and with good friends.

Noticing the time he whistles out: "Gee [he's one of the few people alive who can use that expression, get away with it, and make it work], we've talked all morning and I haven't really told you anything hardly. What I mean is . . . I still have so much more to say!" And that is true. He does have so much more to say. This response really encourages me in actors—the feeling that there isn't enough time or words to do, or say, or express. And so it is with Harvey Evans. He has more to say . . . much, much more. I don't doubt that for a second. Now we must allow him to do it in the way he does it best—in our theatres, movie houses, and from our TV sets.

And our continuing story begins now. . . .





Social psychologists warn of the "alienation" of many persons in our society—social "deviants" especially—who feel cut loose from shared feelings, relationships, common assumptions, expectations and a sense of belonging. When individuals feel increasingly manipulated and programmed and when each is increasingly driven back on his own "inner guides" for standards of behavior, self-worth and accomplishment, too many find their inner voice to be an uncertain guide, hopelessly antiquated or hopelessly erratic. Social goals change, old institutions and professions become obsolete, philosophies that not long ago were progressive become impotent and foolish, and while the "silent majority" seems swept up in a maelstrom whose patterns and dimensions it cannot comprehend, society's minorities turn increasingly toward new freemasonries which offer a renewal of that spirit of joyous fraternity which had turned to ashes in the old society.

Too melodramatic? Many Gays would surely deny

life styles

A scattering of persons who prefer certain sex acts?

WHAT "GAY COM

that such a description applies to them. But as our whole society staggers through the delirium of future shock, it becomes increasingly less possible, less satisfying, to hold on to the old relationships, prejudices and goals, until finally the pointlessness which some of us hide from ourselves becomes obvious at least to our friends.

Our old ideas about our lives no longer match the facts of our lives—and Gays especially picked up most of their ideas about life from persons who were unable to visualize the conditions of gay living.

This painful process of jerking loose from old expectations probably operates more ruthlessly for Gays than for any other class of persons in our society. But we often notice only the damaging side of the process. The essential fact that we are different (a difference in what society regards as the purpose of each individual's life: reproduction) keeps at least some of us "hanging loose"—still growing, looking for new options, new arrangements.

And this alienation, this rootlessness, this perpetual adolescence, this dissatisfaction with things as they are, can be either destructive or creative, sometimes both, since the demolition of old forms must often precede the erection of new ones.

So as often in the past, when social forms had become tedious and stultifying, Gays and certain other minorities are most likely to become part of the force that transcends the old forms. Thus, when one speaks of Gays as a creative minority, one is not merely counting the proportion of artists and artisans in the gay community, but rather suggesting that Gays may be more likely to pursue new directions.

Not all Gays, for sure, are change-oriented—there are strong conservative forces in the gay community. The basic fact of our difference may give us an inevitable non-conforming bent, but many of us, feeling terribly ashamed of being different, break our necks to conform in every other way, and many of our homophile organizations have concentrated on trying to snow-job the general public into believing that "We are exactly like everyone else, except for that teeny-weeny thing we'd rather not talk about."

I personally suspect that the initial difference is a positive difference in our spirits, only later expressed

by Jim Kepner
drawings by J.D. Klamik

IS THIS COMMUNITY»

Or a creative minority?

as a preference for certain erotic relationships or behavior. That initial difference, whatever caused it, may have been tiny at first, but its effects seep into everything we do, conditioning our attitudes on virtually every topic. I don't mean that it shapes us all into a single pattern—there are dozens of gay patterns with infinite variations. But every male and female Gay, so far as he is conscious of the difference (and some seem quite unconscious) has constantly had to make little adjustments to the difference and to society's expectations, and every such adjustment alters his character a bit more, making one Gay ever more peevish or brusque, another aloof, one elegant and another sweeter-than-sweet.

What we come to share, then, in addition to our common exotic interest, is a common experience of *reacting* to that initial difference. We vary remarkably in the ease with which we identify and accept our difference, some of us being "at home" with other Gays, and some making "the mask" their life-style and chief standard of propriety.

But whenever we meet another Gay, we know more about him or her than just his sexual preference. We know that this is a person like ourselves whose love has often been damned up by taboo, who has sometimes stood by in silent chagrin while queer jokes were being told, or who has sometimes wondered, "Am I the only person in the world like this?" If we tell him that our mother still doesn't "know," he will understand what we feel, even if his mother "found out" 20 years ago. Gays have in fact a vast reservoir of shared experience, shared feelings, even though each Gay draws a slightly different hand from the shared deck.

One "came out" at five, another at 50, but the coming-out experience was meaningful to all, despite disagreements on whether the term means when you had your first homo-sex; when you first got into a crowd of "your own kind"; when you realized, decided or publicly announced that you were gay; or when you began moving in gay circles—alternate steps for a single process. (Whether others judge a person to have come out depends on whether they entered the primordial underground, gay street-corner society, or the newer, politicized gay movement.)



Our common awareness of legal dangers is shared even by gay women, though they seem less likely to be arrested than men. The ever-present fear of arrest and exposure is probably more oppressive in the long run than the actual occasion of arrest.

There is our in-group terminology, words and phrases having special significance to us, which, like most aspects of the gay subculture, is *not* uniform throughout the gay community.

Even before the start of the American homophile movement (Los Angeles, 1950), the term "gay community" (or "homosexual or homophile community") made some homosexuals furious. They could not accept what was and what was not meant by the term. "Why," they ask, "should a collection of people who happen to have the same bed habits be called a community any more than left-handed men or women who fellate their husbands?"

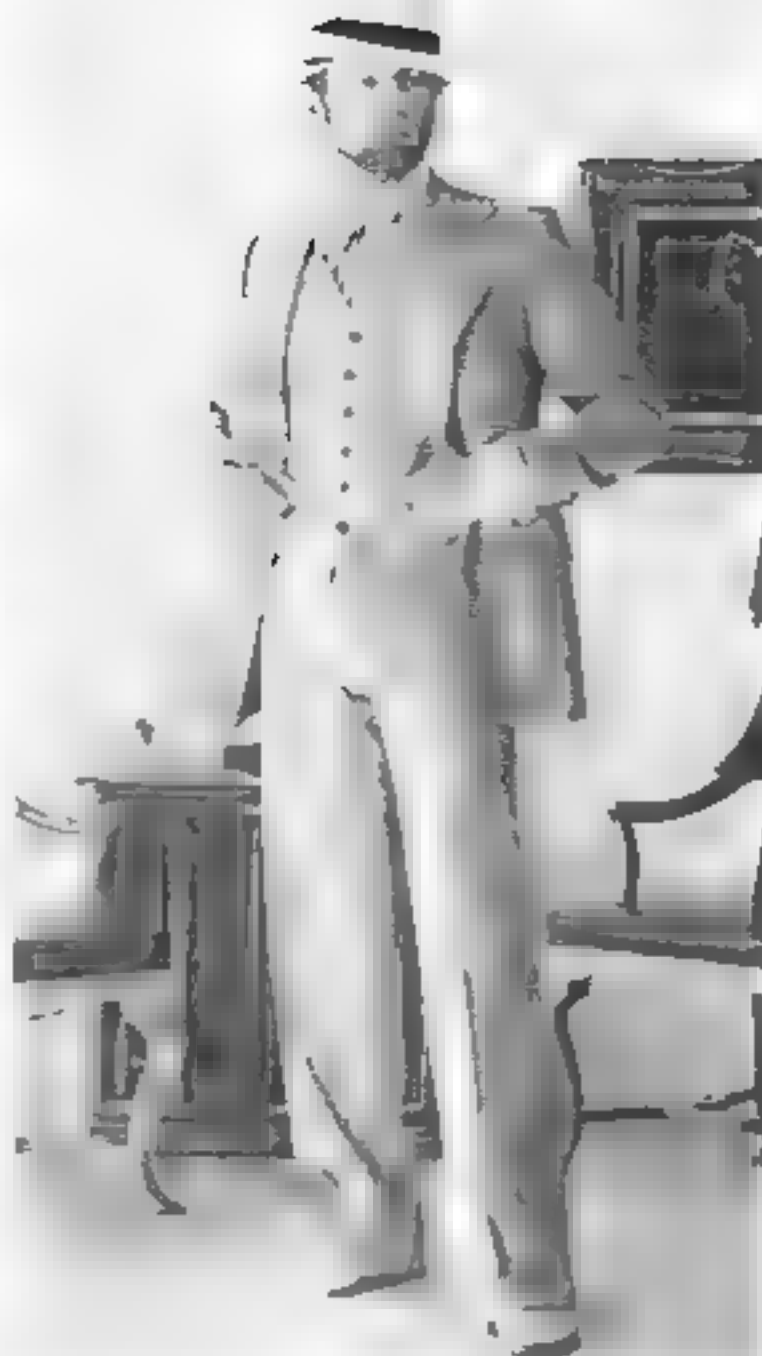
Sociologists use the term "minority community"

Continued on Page 55

fashion

THE DRAWING CLASSES

by Jay Ross
photography by Dave Sands



In the not-too-distant past, the mention of New Year's Eve would conjure up images of vast ballrooms, champagne and white-tie-and-tails, or at least a tuxedo.

But the times they are a-changin'. Especially in our Southern California, people dress for comfort and fun. And as for the champagne and ballroom, it might be Cold Duck at a baby grand, coffee in front of a fireplace, Sangria at poolside, or beer at pool-tableside. If it feels good, do it, drink it or wear it!

Starting ten years ago as a tiny shirt and pants store on Melrose Avenue in West Hollywood, GO was one of the forerunners of the increasingly popular craze of printed T-shirts. They had their logo, a huge GO emblazoned on T-shirts and sweatshirts.

Three years later, as GO MEN'S WEAR, they moved to their present location at 8701 Santa Monica Blvd., and expanded to a complete haberdashery. They avoid faddish items and concentrate on good sensible high fashion in dress and casual wear. Any selection will be in style for at least five years, and the quality will keep it looking good all that time.

GO's unique window displays have received much attention. Each window usually features only one mannikin against a hand-drawn backdrop. Owners Bob Guidice and Gerry Ogden promise a real traffic-stopper for the upcoming holiday season.

And "traffic-stopper" is an apt description for their new garments. Most of their suits are expressly designed and made for them in New York. The three-piece suit is newly important, shown here in dark brown pin-stripe and in grey and white check. Wide lapels, deep waist suppression, high side vents and wide straight legs are the silhouette for the future. The grey and white check worn by Todd has 24-inch-



wide legs. Both suits are in all wool flannel. Imported from France is the brown and white denim-look wool and polyester suit with a longer six-button jacket. The four tabbed patch pockets are outlined with white stitching.

The forest green velvet jacket is from California and features an elastic-waist and four patch pockets.

Also from France is the off-white polyester poplin suit with raglan sleeves and elasticized cropped waist, as is the bold yellow and black print on white shirt.

Green, red and blue candystripe the off-white wool/polyester flannel trousers worn beneath the red, white and navy sleeveless wool pullover. Lambs' wool forms the green and beige cardigan with a red overplaid, worn over a brown on beige polka-dotted cotton shirt with rounded collar points. Both items are products of France.

High-gloss acetate satin is used for the show-stopping shirt, in cafe-au-lait with black stripes, worn over hot pink cotton poplin pants with zippered front pockets.

Jean takes an arrogant stroll in brazen green and white checked straight leg pants with flapped back pockets, an exclusive at GO. The metal grid belt buckle punctuates the design. His brushed cotton football jacket is in peach with brown "racing-stripe" piping outlining the raglan sleeves and the zippered front. The wrists and the chopped-off waist of this fully lined French import are elasticized.

Eggshell is the color of the brushed cotton shirt/jacket with the yoked and tucked front and back, accented by two pleated flap pockets. And egg-sized is the primitive "jewel" that forms the belt buckle, looking like a prop from *Macbeth*.



MITCHELL'S, 6435 Hollywood Blvd., specializes in a "one-wardrobe" concept for those who can't afford, or who aren't schizophrenic enough to require two or more disparate looks. Manager/buyer, George Erickson, concentrates on moderately priced items of current dressy and casual fashion that will coordinate in infinite combinations. A suit, a jacket, a pair of slacks, a sweater and a couple of shirts and ties will combine with enough variation to take a person

through work, dinner, theatre, sporting events, brunch, cruising and a visit to the neighborhood pub.

George detects a need for security-blanket assurance in the return of Classicism to fashion and a preference for natural fibers.

The classical look, but with a zinger, is evident in the cotton corduroy printed plaids with the appearance of heavy wool tweeds. An unconstructed blazer suit in red/white/blue plaid has modified, cuffed baggie pants with no pleats. It's worn with an exaggerated windowpane check shirt and a one-of-a-kind patchwork muslin tie. For teatime, cocktails or a yachting party, switch the jacket for a navy knit two-button blazer with red stitching, flap pockets and a deep center vent.

Harvest tones of orange and brown fool the eye, as do the pocket flaps in dark brown cotton suede, on this all-cotton, dry-cleanable corduroy jacket. It's worn with a gold-on-white figured-stripe shirt and brown background paisley tie.

John glows in his stretch-woven winter-tan suit with flap pockets, a long center-back slit. At the waist of the belt-looped straight leg trousers is a tri-colored leather belt. The staggered-stripe shirt is topped with a checked bow tie.

Suedecloth yoke, lapels and cuffs trim the pewter corduroy hunters' jacket worn above pewter, forest green and red woven plaid pants; a sportsman look that would be at home at the Music Center. The layered look is achieved with a dark brown turtle-neck topped with a spice V-neck wide-ribbed pullover.

A year-round casual suit is **MITCHELL'S** waist length brushed fortrel and cotton in blue frost. Western-style metal buttons close the front, pocket flaps, cuffs and extension-tabbed waistline. It can be worn over bare skin, a



shirt, a sweater, or any combination of the above.

* * * *

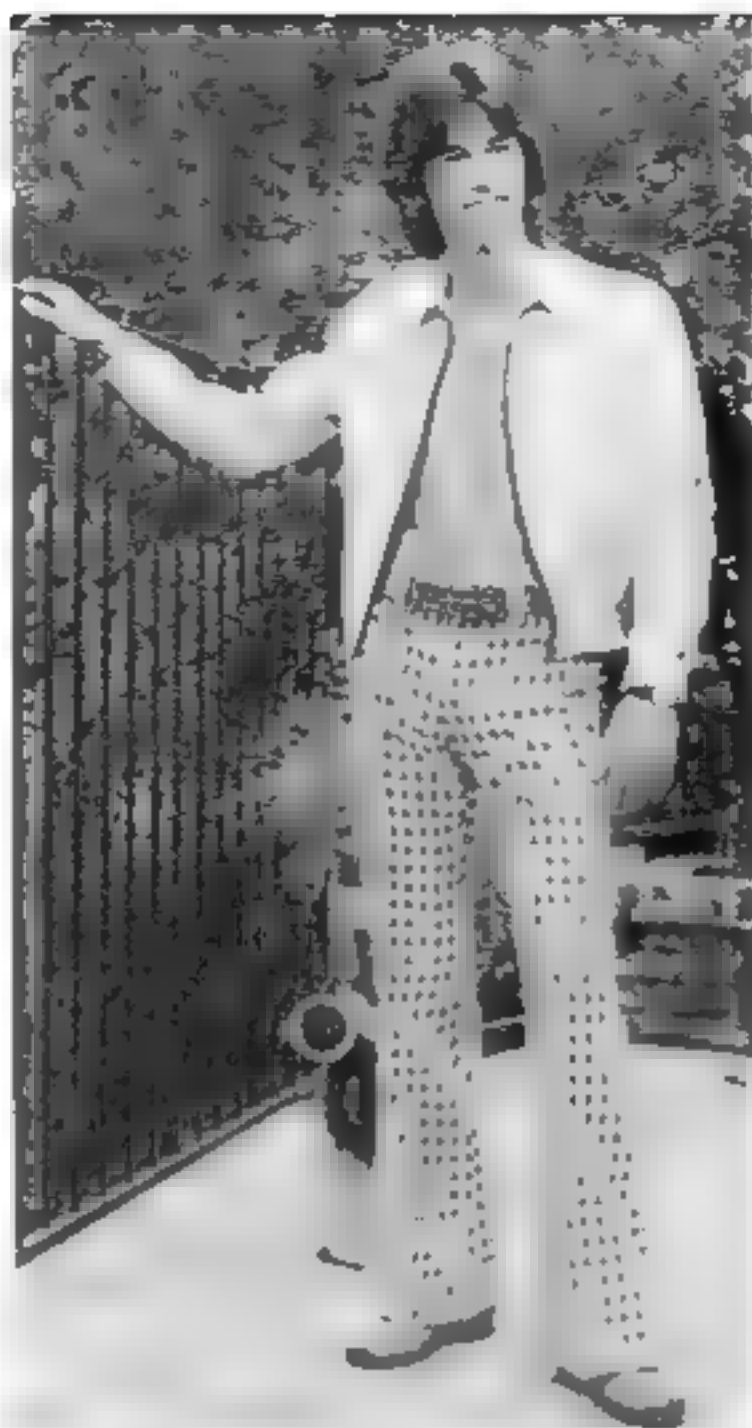
Established at 6670 Hollywood Blvd. for almost 15 years, **LUCKY SPORTSWEAR** more than doubled their size three years ago and have since added two branch stores. General manager and buyer, Tony Michaels, attributes it to the fact that they give the typical Hollywoodite what he wants. They stock large quantities of basics—shirts, pants (an impressive array of Levi and Lee brands), suits, underwear and accessories, and then take off from there.

They carry a line of genuine leather and suede coats (some with fur collars), from jacket length to maxi, at reduced prices. Some far-out and "ethnic" clothes and special-order stud and rhinestone designs attract celebrities like Troy Walker and members of top rock groups.

Exclusive in Hollywood, they carry the Wescott Ltd. of Canada line of unconstructed suits. The three-piece brown tweed suit of polyester and wool features a matching vest. Its form-fitting lines suggest a Wells Fargo agent in the Old West. The powder blue two-button model with wide lapels is in brushed cotton. The two-piece tan wool Eisenhower set has snaps on its flap pockets, cuffs and front closure.

The cruising barfllys are wearing Lee cotton suits customized by **LUCKY**. The maroon and blue denim outfits on Jean and Todd, respectively, have rows of studs outlining the pockets, cuffs, collar and seams. Jute rope braid trims the faded blue set worn by John.

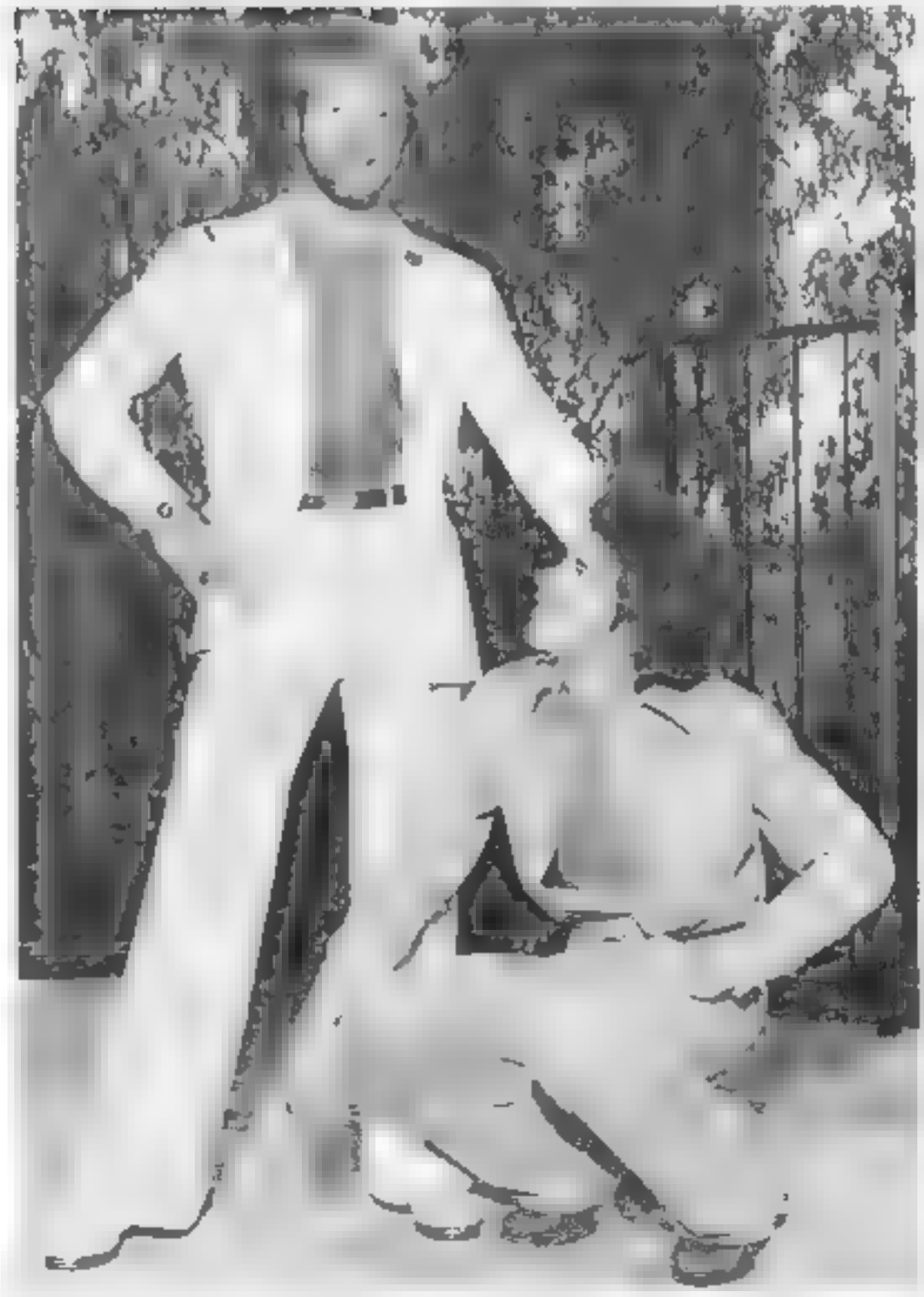
For a grand finale it would be hard to top the boys as they freak out at the grand piano. John pounds out a rock beat in a beige and brown waist-length jacket suit with a wide elastic midriff. A short cap sleeve in beige gives a layered look to the long slim



brown sleeve. Jean gets carried away in his dark red two-piece outfit with multicolored leather patches forming strips around the collar, slash pockets and down the sleeves. Todd comes up smelling like the rose he's smelling in the winter white cropped-top suit with a wide elasticized midriff and collar and cuffs of black fake fur. These last three doubleknit outfits have wide straight leg pants and are made by International Fashions. It's a wild way to usher in the New Year.

LUCKY'S other stores, called LUCKY SPORTSWEAR FOR GUYS AND GALS, are located at 6518 Hollywood Blvd. (manager, Renato Weiss), and 253 S. Market St., Inglewood (manager, Cary Teegarden). As their names implies, the other shops carry mod clothes for women as well as men.

Model Jean Baille, from French-speaking Montreal, Canada, has



almost no trace of an accent, although he has been in Los Angeles for only five years. An active sportsman, Jean spends as much time as he can spare in swimming, football and volleyball and, when he gets the opportunity, in hockey.

A bartender in a local club, he is preparing for a future in real estate. His idol is Marcel Marceau, and he doesn't even have to know the language.

John Manga has several careers to fall back on. He has done extensive modeling, dancing and acting and is a graduate of Vidal Sassoon's School of Hairstyling in London. John left his Cherry Hill, New Jersey, home for New York City, where he still maintains a Murray Hill apartment, to work in television commercials and with the rock group, Renaissance, at the Woodstock Festival. He became friends with some of the greats, including Janis Joplin, Iggy Stogge and, later, David Bowie. In London he put himself through Sassoon's school by modeling for the Yves St. Laurent Boutique.

A short stint in an avant-garde film in San Francisco preceded his arrival in Los Angeles. But he's only passing through. He's been accepted for enrollment in the Royal Academy of Dramatic Arts and is leaving for London again in the Spring, to follow in the footsteps of Sir Laurence Olivier and Richard Chamberlain.

Todd Wayne, a Virgo, was born in New York City. The son of an Army officer, he has lived in exotic (and otherwise) places like Japan, Hawaii, Thailand, Guam and Okinawa.

He built his magnificent body through swimming and most other sports. He placed fourth in the Groovy Stud contest last summer.

He's working as maitre d' and waiter at Oliver's After Dark restaurant, and is planning on a career in cosmetology





In Touch with films



George Memmoli and Harvey Keitel end a poolroom brawl in "Mean Streets" (Warner Bros.—above left). Barbra Streisand and Robert Redford at home on the beach in "The Way We Were" (Columbia—above right). At a student party before exams are Timothy Bottoms and Graham Beckel (20th Century-Fox—below far left). Investigators Burt Lancaster and Robert Ryan in "Executive Suite" (National General—below left). Small-town bank robbers Andy Robinson and Walter Matthau get a surprisingly large haul in "Charley Varrick" (Universal—below right). Saloon owner Fredric March welcomes miscreants Lee Marvin to his birthday celebration in "The Iceman Cometh" (American Film Theatre—below far right)



Martin Scorsese's **MEAN STREETS** is a great film. It is filled with violence, the kind of violence that erupts in real life. Each eruption sets you up to believe the next. This belief is a spell, a merciless reality that erupts painfully inside of you as well as on the screen. Your psyche begins to feel bruised near the end and your mind becomes punch drunk. You are too wiped out to hit back when the last scene slashes your shredded nerves with the most obvious and inevitable slice of fate.

Walking away from the theatre you run over the experiences several times. Natural patterns start becoming more apparent. You begin to know that the Catholicism practiced by the characters is somehow responsible for the suffering. The film never lets go of the obvious connections between guilt and crime. The crime is painted like it is, Italian crime; it could be no other style of crime. Scorsese has woven his story of New York Italian punk life right in the nest of mafiosi mentality. Its threads spin through bedrooms with holy candlelit altars, streets filled with the sounds of the festival of some saint, bars and poolrooms filled with odor,

cigars and vomit. Richly ethnic, the film is never maudlin but persistently hot; today rooted in the past; now without a tomorrow.

Mean Streets is a story not only of a jungle but of jungle animals and there is no separating one from the other. Every performance is the deep feelings of real people sensitive only to that rich environment that is home; they each are a mixture of cornered animal, overgrown kid, and pathetically dislikable human being.

There is Charlie (Harvey Keitel), possessed by the torments of being a Catholic and unable to enjoy anything. The others are able to accept their roles in this life and seem bent on getting the most out of their situations. Perhaps Charlie enjoys the guilt of his "sinful" desires. His love for his cousin Johnny Boy (Robert de Niro) is twisted by envy. His love for Teresa (Amy Robinson) is shamed by unfulfillment. He is not sexually inadequate. His Uncle Giovanni (Cesare Danova) does not approve of the girl, or of his cousin for that matter. Charlie has no spine. He crawls around spinelessly trying to look like the easiest going good guy.

His salvation is his vicarious relationship with his cousin, Johnny Boy. Robert de Niro wonderfully portrays Johnny Boy as a defiant spirit with an obstinate core and a loonful manner that scoffs at the family. He refuses to live either in fear or ignorance, a basic tenet for a "nobody" in this jungle. This puts Johnny Boy in constant trouble and Charlie tries throughout the film to keep him from being destroyed. Charlie doesn't seem to be able to really help Johnny Boy, by going to his uncle, the Don, to speak up for him. He can only stay the execution. This ugly little agony haunts the rest of the film and no one of the characters—friends, lovers, or relatives—realizes what the nagging trouble is all about. Maybe Johnny Boy senses the truth; he just goes wilder and shows less and less respect for Charlie's help. Charlie just keeps feeding off of his cousin's freedom and insists on "helping and protecting." Johnny Boy may not understand but he hates the whole damn thing. Still, there is that special love that childhood friends and cousins hold on to. We feel it all.

It would have been so easy to tell this story all wrong, but *Mean Streets*

doesn't "tell" its story. The story lives and the movie allows that life to come through, showing us some truth about a sector of our society. The film succeeds to do what Godard, Maeler, and, in some ways, Cassavettes, have dreamed of doing. *Mean Streets* is the most natural film, true realism. It is also an operatic experience, true drama. It creates an environment with all the lushness of Max Ophuls. At the same time, it is an extremely personal film in which the psychological and the sociological realities are one. Martin Scorsese has succeeded where so many have failed.

The wonder is not that *THE WAY WE WERE* does not succeed well on the screen but that it succeeds at all. Only the efforts of some of Hollywood's first rate talent could have saved this unwieldy project from grounding in the dock.

Arthur Laurents, a veteran writer—*Home of the Brave*, *Rope*, *Caught*, *Anastasia*, *West Side Story*—has adapted his own novel for Ray Stark and Columbia Pictures. The result is an ambitious but muddled screenplay.

A Jewish activist, Katie Morosky (Barbara Streisand), pursues an ill-fated relationship with a Gentile writer, Hubbe Gardner (Robert Redford). Ten years—1937 to 1947—and the issues of the day—Franco, Hitler, Roosevelt, Dewey, ration stamps, World War II, the Civil Defense League, the HUAC, the Unholy Ten, THE BOMBS!—test their relationship for durability. Katie, born into a cruel world, dreams of better things. She sees her mission as a shaper of destiny. Hubbe, a fatalist, sidesteps his way through life in an effort to remain in the good graces of a world that gave him looks and talent. Their philosophies collide on every issue.

Mr. Redford is an enigma. Capable and established, he is inconsistent to the point of distraction. Here he lacks the motivation to establish a convincing character, yet he outdoes himself in scenes that endear him to the casual observer. With an incredible fete of balance he sleeps on a barstool. He wins you over with his self-consciousness when his "story" is chosen to be read in class. He passes out well while making love. But you cannot be asked to believe he is a writer—much less a talented writer. In his best scene he sells himself to an already sold-out director but the

scene is severely diminished by his failure to establish that he had anything to sell in the first place.

Nearly everyone else connected with the movie outdoes himself with professionalism.

Miss Streisand's ability to overcome the limitations of a role is well known from such monstrosities as *Funny Girl* and *On a Clear Day You Can See Forever*. She never lets you down. Miss Streisand's Katie takes on a life that consumes many of the burdens in the script—or, at least, overshadows them. Things that no one could believe are believable because Katie believes them. Hubbe is a good example.

Bradford Dillman stands out in a role that should never have been included. Harry Stradling, Jr.'s haunting camera work evokes a nostalgic era with none of the heavy diffusion of *Summer of '42*. He is an emerging talent worthy of his namesake. Sidney Pollack directs with an experienced hand. Maggie Booth, the subject of a recent tribute by Charles Champlin, pioneered the art of editing and may have saved a large chunk of this picture.

Uncritical audiences will be charmed by *The Way We Were*, seeing only that part remaining above water. It will probably make it commercially, but in the final analysis, it would not be worth mentioning but that some incredibly talented people kept it from going down altogether. Next year no one will remember *The Way We Were* but the people who worked on it will be sailing off to new horizons, and, one hopes, on sturdier and more manageable ships.

THE PAPER CHASE is a message melodrama that powerfully recreates the atmosphere of Harvard Law School. It is a story about the agony of those students who dare to worship at the shrine of law school. Hart (Timothy Bottoms) is one of those, a first year law student. Soon after arriving at Harvard it becomes apparent to him that one class in particular is the barrier that any student must hurdle to get those high marks which are "the only way they will be judged by their peers as having the potential to be good lawyers."

In his pursuit of success, Hart joins a study group formed by Ford (Graham Beckel). Hart and Ford become friends and study together a lot, and swim to-

gether, and shower together. (It seems that every time a Harvard student has a problem he talks it over in the shower.)

Hart soon meets a lovely, intelligent, liberated young lady. Ford immediately warns Hart not to get involved with a girl now. "The first year is monastic. The celibate mind is sharper." Susan (Lindsay Wagner), it turns out, is the daughter of the infamous Professor Kingsfield (John Houseman) who teaches that one class Hart has set out to hurdle. This is not the first time Susan has fallen into a relationship with one of her father's students and she hates it. She wants nothing of the torture she knows Hart will receive from her father. She tries to make Hart see that in her father's Socratic mind Hart is just another number on a seating chart. Hart is already caught in the web, however, and he worships the professor as no other student does.

The road of disillusionment becomes the way to enlightenment in a year filled with tender warm moments and loaded with plenty of that comic relief that underscores accepted absurdities. The ending of the film was meant to be nothing but "meaningful." The audience must have felt it too heavy-handed. They wretched and booed, not at the film but at the ending. It was perhaps a bit too cute but I found it a pleasant surprise that breaks the spell that the professor has managed to cast over the audience, as well as his students. Liberation can sometimes be very simple. The film went out of its way to string a thread of that message through every scene and finally tie a clever little knot in the last scene.

Regardless of the rightness or wrongness of the message and regardless if that message offers any alternative to what it sets itself up to criticize, the film creates a real, human atmosphere that shows what life is like for a first year Harvard Law Student. It is a special kind of charming tragedy with a hero brought to life by an especially charming young man in a tragic role. Timothy Bottoms has blended a magical sex appeal not seen much since the loss of James Dean with a fresh charming smile not seen much since the loss of John F. Kennedy.

EXECUTIVE ACTION does not tie the loose threads of the Watergate Cov-

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Welcome...BRUCE MORGAN

by Thom Taylor
photography by Hy Chase



Paul Bunyan wasn't a legend. He's alive and well and living in Los Angeles under the alias of Bruce Morgan. . . .

The afternoon shifted between foreboding gray and the promise of sunshine, a sharp contrast to the face so set and determined across the table. On a sturdy frame of ninety-nine and forty-four one hundredths per cent pure muscle rested a head that was almost lost between wide bulging shoulders. Almost, but not for long. The handsome face and intense inquisitive eyes will quickly bring your gaze back to his.

Dressed as he was in jeans and a red plaid flannel shirt and nurturing the sproutings of a beard, Bruce Morgan was a double for that fabled American hero Paul Bunyan, and indeed, the two have more than looks in common. Bruce, an American of Italian-Russian heritage, is an ardent follower of the natural life, the out-of-doors and mountain climbing.

"I enjoy seeking out the beauty in things especially the inherent beauty in nature," he says in a voice that is low and soft. "It is a turn-on for me to get out into the woods. That feeling of being right in nature, a part of it. It's very sexual really. I can have an orgasm, actually cum, just looking at a beautiful tree," he pauses as if expecting a laugh. "I guess that sounds weird but it's true. I can look at something beautiful—like a tree—and really get into that creation until it becomes almost a sexual experience. I can jack off on it and and enjoy it. It's like the feeling you get riding a motorcycle. That too is very sensual. There are so many sensations outside of actual sex that are still very sexual in nature. Many man-made things are that way.

"What I really appreciate are the ways in which man combines his environment with nature. Sometimes when it captures the beauty of both worlds, it's quite dynamic, brilliant."

Bruce's superb physique is not strictly the result of his mountain climbing, however, nor of the hours he spends swimming and body surfing (another favorite sport). Much of it is attributable to countless days in weight rooms and gyms. That part of his life is mostly a thing of the past now.

"I'm not really into that trip anymore. I work out maybe a half hour or fifteen minutes a day, but it's not the same as it used to be. When you have a nice

body you're exposed to so many superficialities, so many people who are interested in you for looks only. They don't really care about the person. You become almost an implement of satisfaction for others," he chooses each sentence carefully. "That kind of trip just doesn't interest me anymore. I think I've gone beyond that. It was a stage of my life, but it's over."

Now his thoughts are geared toward an education. He is currently enrolled both at UCLA and Santa Monica City College. At Santa Monica he studies business economics and at UCLA he is majoring in cinematography, that vital area of filmmaking.

"I haven't seen many movies that couldn't be improved upon. So much of what they're making now is really nothing but crap. I enjoy the 007 films for all-around entertainment. They have action, a plot and a lot of fantasy. People need that fantasy. They get

what they don't have or can't find in their everyday lives.

"I really like the type of films that Bergmann and Fellini make. Bergmann knows how to express the drama of life, and Fellini is visually exciting; he titillates the senses."

His personal goal is to someday "interpret love on celluloid as I see it." Ideally he would like to do a film of his own relying as much as possible on himself for the entire production.

"It's best if you can do your thing without involving a lot of other people. They have their own lives to live, and it's asking a lot to expect them to give up their own thing to help you do yours."

He leans forward resting his elbows on the table and nodding slightly as if agreeing with his expressed idea. His conversation flows easily but not without thought. Like many Cancers he is affable, easy to



I like. Bruce is a sensuous man with a masculine virility that envelops others. Yet such things really don't concern or interest him.

"I'm not into bodies especially. I'm into the mind. That's what fascinates me. Really I'm not into fucking—guys or girls—although that's the way I make my living. I want more from a relationship than just a fuck. I've been through that scene of going to bed with beautiful people just because I was in a position to do it. It doesn't really interest me anymore.

"I think people place too much emphasis on their individual roles. Sex is just what you make it. People deny themselves a lot of things by being secular in sex. A friend of mine [a very popular gay film star] is so into that 'how many chicks can I fuck' syndrome . . . adding up a score. That's all he can talk about so I play along when I'm around him, but he'd be better off if he'd just take that cock in his hand once in a while, you know. Someday he'll wake up—maybe—and find out that he hasn't really done anything with his life. You can't just live by your cock. So many people get caught up in the pursuit of sex for its own sake and become blinded to other things that are important."

He rubs his chin, a frequent gesture. He is genuinely concerned about the ways in which people use—or abuse—their lives.

"I'm basically an idealist, a romantic. I like for

things to be just so. I think people need to have some kind of a code of standards, something by which they can gauge their lives. We live much too fast. We should all learn to slow down a little more. Life tends to be so competitive and this creates greed, and that, in my opinion, is a major ruination of the world. People tend to be too hedonistic."

His fingers automatically find his chin. "Americans are so busy consuming and wanting more. No matter how much we use up, there's always more to consume, and people will buy anything. That's one of the things that bothers me most and really turns me off with people: their gullibility. How some people can be led around by the nose.

"Take the rock music fad, for example. The basic rock star is a pretty superficial person, so much glitter and sham. They inspire romanticism yet they're devoid of romance. Most hard rock is just so much noise thrown together to make money, and it does, you know. It's frightening, but people keep spending their money on that crap because they've been duped. Someone tells them that this is 'the thing' and they go for it. That's what bothers me.

"I believe in being my own man. So many people say they want to do their own thing, but their own thing is actually the same as everybody else's. I think we should spend more time developing our intellects and our spirituality. My level of appreciation for





things increases with my increase in education."

Part of being his own man is his non-materialism. Unfettered by the desire for luxuries, he prefers to live in the simplicity of things that he fashions himself. He enjoys making his own furniture and designing the decor of his home.

Bruce's temperament is well suited to the casual atmosphere of California. When not horseback riding or body surfing at Huntington Beach or Zuma Beach, he enjoys spending time alone relaxing and reading. Like most of his generation, he has tried drugs and has no hang-ups about using them.

"Everyone should experience psychedelics under a controlled environment. It gives you such insight. You see things in a totally different perspective. Your mind is going so fast that there's no time to stop and

linger on any particular thought because they keep flashing through your head. I think society as a whole needs to have more understanding for the people who use psychedelics."

Unlike his generation, however, that is so concerned with the "now" of living, he approaches life with an older generation's view toward tomorrow.

"I don't think it's good to live for today. There will always be a tomorrow staring you in the face, hopefully. At least, I live that way."

Whatever tomorrow holds for him, chances are he will be up to the challenge. Brains and brawn need not always be in separate worlds. Bruce Morgan is proof of that. In Bruce those two assets are as natural a team as Paul Bunyan and his blue ox Babe. And that was quite a team!



IN TOUCH with theatre



For those of you who have yet to attend a performance at the Old Globe in Balboa Park, San Diego, let me hasten to assure you the theatre is one of the most beautiful and charming to be found anywhere in the world. That it is an authentic reproduction of the original in England, I have no doubt. Everything down to the last detail is as attractive and ingenious as an enterprising theatre company can possibly make it.

The night I visited the Old Globe a community celebration of the Woodrow Wilson gaslight era called *Jabberwock* was packing them in. A ramshackle play by Jerome Lawrence and Robert E. Lee, this valentine about the coming of age of cartoonist James Thurber improved as it went along. The lines were often deft, daft and amusing in the Thurber vein and the comedy, admittedly no earthshaker, is still perfect for where it is and ideal family entertainment. San Diego is blessed with some quite splendid actors and most of them find their way to Balboa Park. As James Thurber, Van Medcalf is one of those marvelous young men who immerse themselves totally in a character. Never was I conscious of any attempt on his part to be discovered. There was never any striving for stardom. Quite simply this San Diego lad (who works as a cook in a nearby restaurant) was young James Thurber and I believed in him utterly. As Georgiana, the apple of his eye, Antoinette Stella is a charming foil in turn-of-the-Century Mary Pickford spit curls. As Mary Agnes Thurber, the mother, Diane Simon carries the weight of the show effortlessly on her shoulders. If she plays a little too convincingly with her husband and her son, Her-



man, perhaps it's because both these actors are their real-life counterparts. Community Theatre goes in for this sort of casting and I think it is all the better for it. Of the string of maids that invade the household (and come to work for room and board and two dollars a week) Helen L. Sperber as Elvira, Kathy Bell Denton as Lily and Christine Roberts' drunken Gertie are delightful. Barry A. Messer as Professor Welch, who becomes apoplectic when he can't get James to see anything under a microscope, is so on target he caused me to laugh my fool head off. Peggy Kellner, who created the setting and costumes, has rounded up all the antiques in San Diego and placed them imaginatively throughout her multilevel design. Even a period auto has been rigged up so that it can be driven back and forth across the stage.

Some of the charming lines that peppered the evening almost got away from me in the dark as I scribbled furiously away. The following have the greatest *feel* of Thurber and, consequently, the most charm.

Mother: We don't have any maids. We just invite guests in to break things.

Georgiana: This radiator cap fell off your car.

James: In a way, the car kind of fell off the radiator cap.

Grandpa: What does it say on the back of the Post Toasties box?

James: Delicious with sliced bananas and strawberries and cream.

Grandpa: What the hell isn't?

But enough. *Jabberwock* is fun. And you feel you have become a part of a real family that has lived in that house in that set on that stage. And you are all the richer for the experience.

Young James Thurber (Van Medcalf, right) and his friends watch with gleeful anticipation the goings on in *JABBERWOCK* (Old Globe Theatre, left). Bizarre behavior overtakes Karen Morrow, David Cryer and Oren Waters in Brecht's *THE MAHAGONNY SONGPLAY* (Mark Taper Forum, center). David Wilson and Gail Strickland as Horace and his eager teacher in *STATUS QUO VADIS* (Off Broadway, right).



Brecht Sacred & Profane is the name of a twin bill devised by Edward Payson Call for the Mark Taper Forum. The *Mahogany Songplay*, with atonal music by Kurt Weill, has been translated by Michael Feingold and it proves to be glitteringly theatrical, pulsating with decadent life and jazzy sex in the vein of Bob Fosse's film, *Cabaret*. I have seldom seen the Taper stage used to better advantage than this production of a stylishly rare exhumation from the Germany of the early Thirties, that era of Dietrich and Jannings' memorable *Blue Angel*. The company of voices is superb both individually and together and Conrad Susa conducts his orchestra of extraordinary musicians brilliantly. They know and understand Weill's work and what he was trying to do. Sally Jacobs' settings and costumes are inspired and Gilbert V. Hemsley, Jr.'s lighting design is a major joy, one of the finest accomplishments I have seen in contemporary theatre. The *Mahogany Songplay* is evocative of its period and inherently unified as a concert-piece. It should be revived. It exemplifies what the Mark Taper stands for and I admired it very much.

My mistake was returning after intermission for I was confronted with *The Measures Taken* with music by Hanns Eisler. I cannot think what prompted Mr. Call to undertake this Marxist tract. Recited on a bare stage against a massive Red Flag, this is a non-play; Brecht at his worst. In conclusion, I'm afraid that, as far as *The Measures Taken* goes, the Mark Tapered off.

I'm afraid that *Status Quo Vadis*, the

Continued on Page 62

INTOUCH

with books

We've heard such a lot from psychoanalysts about how homosexuality is supposedly caused by a close mother and a weak or hostile father that we sometimes shun biographies which seem to fit that prescription. But our proper defense is not that such families never "produce" Gays—they do quite often—but rather that a lot of hets come out of identical settings, and that many Gays grow up in quite different families.

Four recent excellent autobiographies share a close examination of a son's relationships with his father, and though each author patterns his story somewhat to Freudian doctrine, the accounts all ring true. Three are English homosexuals (whose fathers each wanted his son to be a lawyer, only one accepting the decision to write in good grace) and one an American heterosexual, son of a homosexual father.

* * * *

Robin Maugham's *Escape from the Shadows* (McGraw Hill, \$8.95, 273 pp.) isn't the first account of his family by this writer, who will perhaps forever be known as Somerset Maugham's nephew. Earlier, in *Somerset* and *All the Maughams* (from a line in Noel Coward's song, "Let's Fall in Love"), he had made a similar attempt to exorcise the weight of an illustrious family—his stern father had been Lord Chancellor of England, and his sisters also wrote.

Robin Maugham's own accomplishments include a dozen novels, travel books, several plays and screenplays and an excellent war record; still he felt "overshadowed, queer, alcoholic—I should have been a complete failure."

Maugham, like "Uncle Willie," never gets over the ignominy of being "queer" and keeps trying to convince himself that he is more than half normal. It is a peculiarly English malady.

But he tells (page 7) one of the most moving accounts I've read of the sort of childhood dream that often is the foun-

tainhead or first revelation of the gay spirit. His mother had taken him to see Peter Pan. Completely rejecting the notion that it was an actress on stage playing Peter, Robin soon begins to hope, then to believe, that this miraculous boy would one night "come to rescue me from the constrained life I led. He would appear at the windows and take hold of my hand, and together we would fly over the rooftops of London and reach an abode where there were no nurses, no lessons, no rules. And there we would live together, ageless, for ever."

But one night when he thought he heard someone at his window, he became frightened lest it was something evil instead, and called for the Nanny to bolt and curtain the window. For years after, he was sure it had been his phantom lover-rescuer who, once locked out, would never return.

One day, around the same time, playing on the lawn with his sisters, his Nanny dozing near, the highly inhibited boy was suddenly paralyzed by the sight of an older neighbor boy, stripped to the waist, on horseback. He wanted to run and hug the boy, but dared not, and his imagination later conjured up visions of this boy as a naughty companion who would misbehave in ways Robin dared not do.

A rich, movingly perceptive, marvelously full book, often hilarious, but at the end the author is sliding downhill, still fighting his queerness, his bouts of alcoholism and amnesia, and his feeling of being overshadowed.

* * * *

Beverly Nichols, a minor figure in Maugham's book, and himself author of a scathing exposé of Somerset Maugham's usurious homosexuality, *A Case of Human Bondage*, had a major reputation as a writer of unusually elegant gardening books. In *Father Figure* (Pocket Books, \$1.25, 223 pp.), he tells

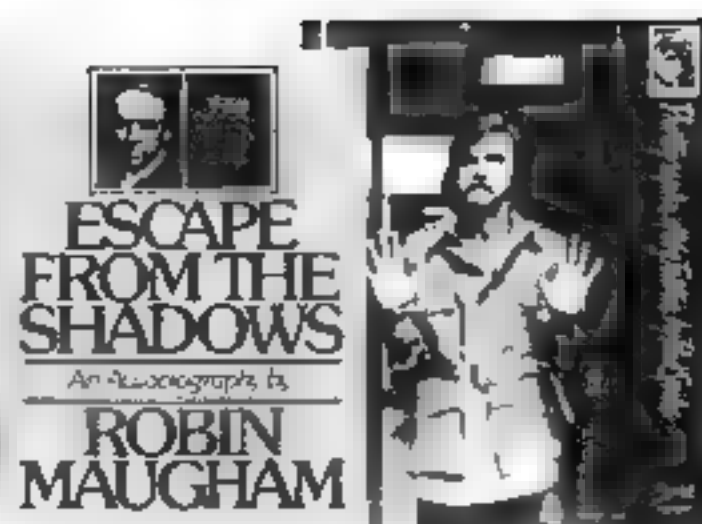
chillingly of his three fairly understandable attempts to murder his father. Nichols' earliest memory is of seeing his father sprawled unconscious on the floor amid wine, puke and broken dishes. Shortly, he, his two older brothers and their mother are living in constant terror of the relentless drunk cycles. They try to hide it from the neighbors. They hope the servants won't walk out again. They are manipulated by the sadistic old clown who knows how to humiliate each of them, and to keep them waiting on him hand and foot. Nichols' mother is the perfect suffering slave, always apologizing that her husband "isn't himself"—but young Beverly never knew that other self, never found a single redeeming feature in his father.

They never dared bring friends home, for even when John Nichols wasn't roaring drunk, he was likely to come down the circular stairs, one hand grasping a bottle, the other thrust into his trousers with the thumb wagging out his fly. (All must laugh obediently.)

Beverly's first outside friend is Egie, the neighborhood aesthete, who gives him an inscribed copy of Wilde's *Dorian Gray*, which Father finds and rips apart, roaring his anger at Wilde, but only able to explain his objection by writing later, *ILLUM CRIMEN HORRIBLE QUOD NON NOMINANDUM EST*. And what is a boy to make of that? Beverly responded during the next drunk cycle by mixing a bottle full of aspirin into his father's soup, but the old lout vomited it up.

His father drove off a wounded puppy Beverly had secreted behind the house (he had also just totally thwarted the boy's real promise as a pianist and composer) and the next time the old man fell into a drunken stupor at the bottom of a garden slope, the boy aimed a lawnmower at the semi-conscious

Continued on Page 65





Early in 1972 when Jim French began finalizing plans to publish his first volume of photography, I was privileged to assist him in various technical matters. The work was, at times, extremely frustrating as we struggled to solve problems in order to achieve the level of excellence that French demands of himself and those who work with him. However, it was also very rewarding to be part of a project which presented to the public a work of the beauty and magnitude of MAN. When it was released late in 1972, this volume of photographs immediately took its place at the forefront of the library of photographic art of the male nude and its success far exceeded its publisher's expectations.

When I heard earlier this fall that a new volume, entitled ANOTHER MAN, was being planned for release late in 1973, I couldn't help but wonder how the new book would measure up when compared with MAN. I really shouldn't have worried about it.

ANOTHER MAN is a 64-page hardbound volume; 11x14 inches in size. It is printed in black duotone on one of the finest papers available. The new volume differs in format from the first only in that ANOTHER MAN has eight pages of full color printing. The reproduction on the upper right on this page is of one of the color prints in the book. Impressive as it is in black and white, it is even more awesome in color. ANOTHER MAN is available from STATE OF MAN, INC., Box 35A-8, Village Station, New York, N.Y. 10014 for \$20.00.

Studying MAN, and now, ANOTHER MAN gives one an



Another MAN

opportunity to understand some of the things which separate the artist from both the craftsman and the journeyman photographer. That he is an accomplished technician is quite apparent. However, his camera control is only a necessary discipline which he shares with many others in the field. His choice of subject and background reveal a well-trained appreciation of man, nature, and the structural accomplishments of both. However, his work is hardly unique in this ether. Where, then, does French differ from those around him?

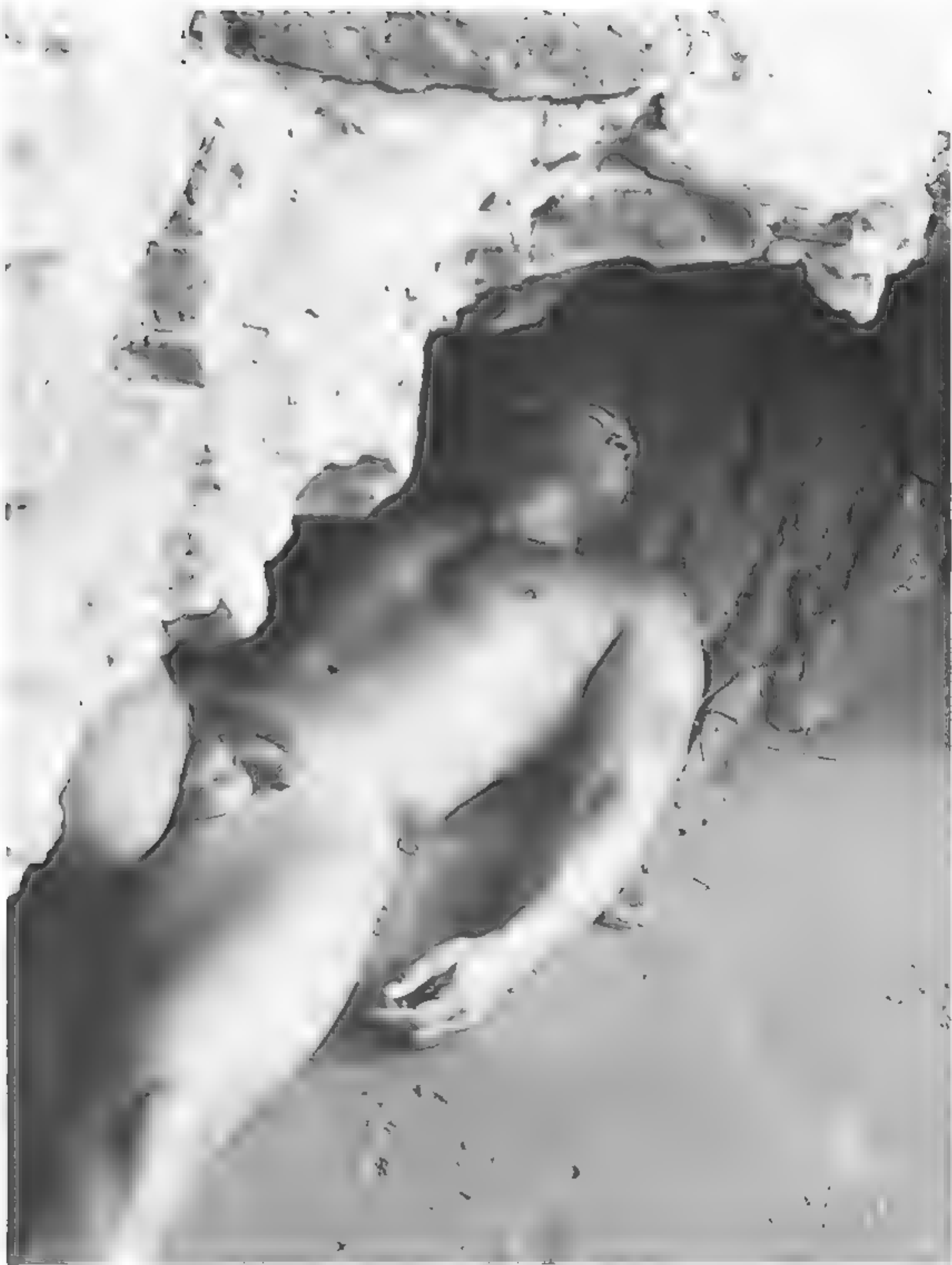
The control of the elements of composition which French demonstrates is unique in the field of male photography.

The lack of gimmicks and distortions either in the camera or the darkroom gives considerable strength to his artistry. This is not meant to imply that certain distortions are never used. Of course they are. However, the photographer is not the victim of these techniques nor do they become his signature but rather they are used only when they serve the idea or intent of the picture.

Idea and intent. If I keep coming back to these, it is only because I feel it is here that serious art begins. Jim French's work is serious and springs from a deep commitment. And the photographs which result speak to us. And we are moved. We are moved to recognition and greater understanding of man, his life, and his universe.

Enough. The pictures on these four pages say it much better. Thanks to Jim French.

—WILLIAM SHEFFLER







community leader **The Miracle Workers**

by Hugh Roberts
with photos by the author

Who the hell wouldn't be ready to throw in the towel? The past few seasons had been very shaky both artistically and financially. As it must, it seems it came . . . that final straw. Betty Hutton, replaced in an A.C. Lyles film in the latest of her many abortive comeback attempts, sagging badly, suffered from complete nervous whatevers and was forced to withdraw from the cast of the play currently being mounted. That minor little epic card housed down right around her and the whole debacle sank painlessly from view. Following Miss Hutton's exit and the play's demise, Mr. Vincent Miranda—who, of course, later pussycatted himself into deeper, throater fame—tossed in that tattered towel, the one labeled "The Off-Broadway Theatre."

The theatre building suffered only a minor nervous shudder, one of many it had shuddered while shuttering from its inception in 1905 as a legit house for touring plays through its vaudeville turns, on into the flippy, strippy world of burlesque (aided and abetted by the San Diego Naval Base circa 1940), but eventually rescued from naval apathy by enterprising local theatrical groups soon after the end of the second World War when it again turned to local "Little Theatre" type productions. What with Hollywood only a hop, skip and a hump away, it soon attracted a couple of guest semi-stars, and took off. Under Miranda's guidance it assumed its place. That is right up until the Hutton fiasco. But that little fiasco did take place! Now what? Fear not! HELP was on the way!

Enter stage right, our heroes: Mr. Don Wortman and Mr. Tom Hartzog. Now these two guys may not be exactly knights in shining armor, but they are close enough. Tom Hartzog has businessman legered all over his face . . . and please note, it's written in BLACK INK! Don Wortman, according to his bio and evident from spending about two seconds talking to

him, "... literally grew up in show business." The chemistry was perfect. Hartzog, multileveling in a mind-boggling maze of business activity, has at least each finger into music—all music, ballet, opera, symphonic, all the way to rock concerts and their packaging and promotion. Wortman, heading up the West Coast legit end of the International Famous Agency, worked with myriad of stars, including Dorothy Lamour, Burt Lancaster, Martha Raye, Jon Voight, the late Betty Grable and Ann Miller who appeared at the Off-Broadway in *Blithe Spirit*. In January of 1973 they formed Wortman-Hartzog Productions, and in March took over the floundered theatre. VENI, VIDI, VICI.

Building on the pre-proven guest star idea, they actualized this show business/business background into their common musical heritage. Besides Hartzog's musical dabblings, Wortman has gamuted musical comedy, performing, directing, producing, and casting. Deciding to do a big splashy musical as the first production, however, takes gall. But that too is one of the things that might make it work. In fact, if all their gall were divided into three parts, . . . Anyway, it ain't enough, and if they were to fall on their, er, faces, there would go not only money, but reputation as well. It could be, "Miranda, here we come," of course, should they succeed. . . .

You guessed the outcome. Fate not only just smiled on that first production of *Gypsy* starring Kaye Ballard, Linda Kaye Henning and Gavin MacLeod, it gave it a swift goose in the rear, lighting up the theatrical skies all over Southern California. The reviews were merely ecstatic, and so were box-office receipts. Most important, however, was a new element that began to be noted in the audience, important people from the entertainment industry and the hitherto standoffish major reviewers . . . *Variety*, *The*

Hollywood Reporter, and the all-important *Los Angeles Times*. These all found their way for the first time to this theatrical upstart in San Diego.

Plans were initiated to move the show. Where? ANYWHERE! Now, understand this was not just a quickie idea, but well pre-planned. Even at that early date both gentlemen envisioned Wortman-Hartzog Productions, Inc., as a packager for television, films and stage. As Don Wortman so aptly puts it, "I want us [The Off-Broadway and/or San Diego] to be the New Haven of the West Coast." And it seemed they were to become so with the very first production. Where to move this show? EVERYWHERE! Offers were pouring in. It was not to be so much, so soon, though. A small kink kinked up the plans. All the rights to *Gypsy* were withdrawn, preempted for the London production starring Angela Lansbury, which was also set to tour the provinces, including New York. Sad. True. But not exactly disaster. The guys DID have a smash hit on their hands, one rolling in both money and publicity. All in all it worked to everyone's best advantage, boosting Miss Ballard's career and introducing young Dick Powell, Jr., to the musical stage. Tom and Don, undaunted, moved on to the next project.

If that all-important first production presents a problem, a second—especially following a hit of such giant proportions—is pure hell. It would seem the safest thing is to play it safe, right? Do another musical, etc., etc., etc. Not these two young entrepreneurs. They did an abrupt about face. Retaining only the guest star bit, they chose . . . an original play. Now that's really asking for it (a little like walking tightrope over a field of razor blades). Helpfully the star chosen was Kaye Ballard's co-star in the "Mother-in-Laws" TV series, Eve Arden . . . and not too odd a coincidence, I gather. There was that business acumen working at top perk brewing out publicity that happily referred to both ladies past television successes. Again a comment from Mr. Wortman: "Why ignore all the built-in publicity? The audiences here relate to television. The TV stars are the ones that are the really big draws . . . and not only here, but all over the country."

Wortman has cast for most of the leading summer theatre strawhatters like the Dallas State Fair Musicals, the St. Louis Civic Light Opera, the O'Keefe Center in Toronto, Chicago's Ivanhoe, et al. The day of the so-called Movie Star is . . . well . . . not as big as it once was. Now, old-timers, like a Lamour or a Grable, can still pull in the people. So could Bette Davis or someone of her caliber. IF they'd only do it. But outside of these old-timers, it's only television stars that bring the people. I'm not putting it down. At least it DOES get audiences in the theatres. So I don't

feel bad at all about resorting to that type of publicity.

Mr. Hertzog quickly adds, "It's true! And the theatre people, I mean even the BIG stars, don't draw at all . . . practically unknown outside a hundred-mile radius of New York. Last year's Tony winner would love to do a show for us. We ran a little check. Nothing. As far as a name to work with . . . well . . . it's sad, but she just isn't a draw. You take Ray Walston [star of the next show, *Status Quo Vadis*]. A star for years in the theatre, we have to hook the publicity on the tag, 'My Favorite Martian'. Everyone knows and relates to him as TV's Uncle Charlie. What it boils down to is a question of survival . . . of making money."

They must be right. Who was that dummy that said lightning doesn't strike twice? If *Gypsy* was a hit, Miss Arden in *Uncle Pappa's Picture*, the original co-starring her husband, Brooks West, must be classified as unqualified smash. It was a publicity field day, covering both bases, working between the best of both





worlds, a major TV star and nostalgia drenched veteran. The folks in Southern California ran to the box office, and lined up for blocks. Poor lads, they had to wait until their SECOND show to begin the well-designed package plan, as Miss Arden and play took off on a highly successful summer tour of those strawhatters. Another step up the well-runged ladder.

Time for the third show. SO . . . now what? Easy, to follow up those two giant hits, choose a play steeped in controversy, a critical hit, but financial disaster, both in Los Angeles and New York that, just for the record, brings full frontal MALE NUDITY to good old staid San Diego. *Lenny* is the life of Lenny Bruce told in tragic dark funny tones, featuring music, and starring Sandy Baron, repeating his L.A. performance. What happens? The biggest Off-Broadway hit yet! In fact, so successful was its limited run (as all the runs here are), it's featured as a return by popular demand on this year's schedule. This was the one. It really did it. Baron's reviews vaulted him to the rank of star and actor to be reckoned with, and firmed up the legend of the Wortman-Hartzog magic touch setting off a firecracker string of hit after hit.

The following season began with Ann Miller's returning to the stage in Coward's frothy *Blithe Spirit*, followed by a sensational *Pal Joey* featuring a brilliant performance in the heelish title role by good-ole-boy next-door Disneystar, Dean Jones, and a

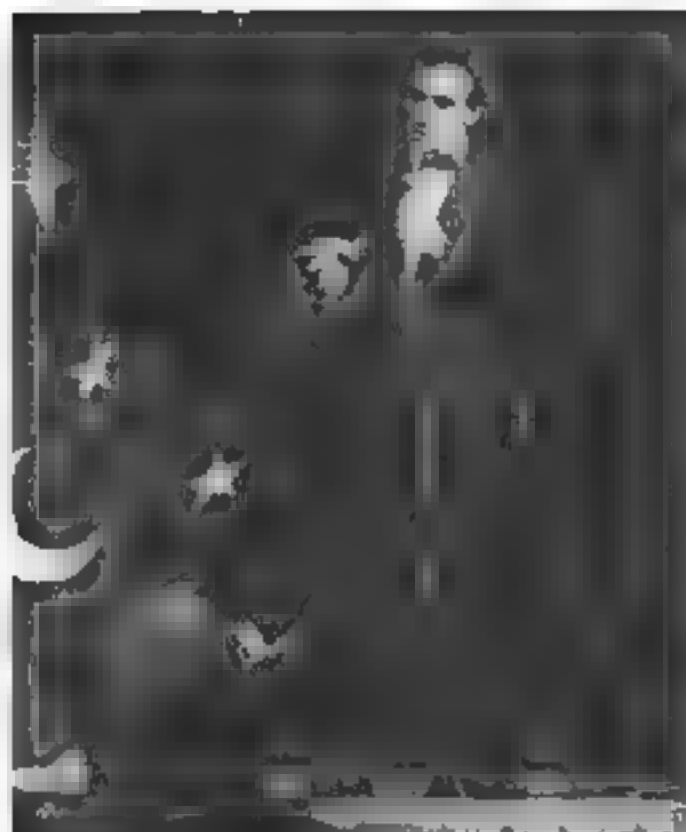
knocked-out Vera from veteran Patricia Morrison. Next up, super-straight Dennis Cole doing a flip gay turn in *Boys in the Band*, also starring Roger Herren, lately the rapee of *Myra Breckenridge*, in a return to the role that first brought him national attention. This season's closeee featured Van Johnson, in what is probably his finest performance, as Neil Simon's *Prisoner of Second Avenue*, its first production in local theatre since closing on Broadway. Again the packaging part is well-oiledly working. Johnson's *Prisoner* looks to be set to trod the local boards for the next couple of seasons all over the country.

The coming-uppers promise to be as fire-crackling. Beginning with the earlier mentioned Mr. Walston in *Status Quo Vadis*, a witty romp by Donald Driver, and a real curiosity. A play that has chalked up long runs everywhere—over two years in Chicago—EXCEPT Broadway where it unaccountably closed after one night. BETCHA though, knowing the W&H touch, the repeat of the outer-city-type success is in store here. Then a return to the musical comedy . . . and a very hip return, too. Pre-reflecting what appears to be a great nationwide Cole Porter revival, they've chosen *The Decline and Fall of the Entire World as Seen Through the Eyes of Cole Porter*, the Ben Bagley show, starring Yvonne de Carlo fresh from her sensational performance in *Follies*. Then that popular demand return of Sandy Baron and *Lenny*, and tagging it all with Ruta Lee in the popular French sex farce *Irma La Douce*. All in all, it looks like another winning season for our guys.

You know, the really wild thing is that they can afford to have a failure. They work something like one of the old Hollywood style studios. They budget, as a production company, each of the plays separately, but rise or fall on a whole season. It does ease the tensions. It also gives them room to stretch out and do something out of the ordinary, something experimental, something original. But as you can see, even these have proven to be big, big hits. This magical touch . . . this hit picking . . . it has allowed the real luxury of not having to fall back on all that standard schlock seen so often everywhere. They both agree, "We'd rather have an honest failure than produce the 'high-school special' . . . the overexposed, overproduced play."

It's clear their kind of picking works. Having next season set and out of the way, with every indication of the magic touch once again sparkling into full fire, they don't even pause to consider, but swing, full gait, into the future. What's up next? Oh, certainly plays for still another season, of course. The under considerationers run from the highly unappreciated *Father's Day* to the controversial *Steam Bath*, with quick stops along the way to check out the musicals—





The preceding page captures some of the highlights of "The Boys in the Band" starring Dennis Cole, Roger Herren and featuring J. Lister Shaw (Christopher Darling), Sandy Baron in the title role of "Lenny" (Sam Stone—top left), Kaye Ballard as Mama in "Gypsy" (Sam Stone—top center), Van Johnson and Jane A. Johnston in "Prisoner of Second Avenue" (Christopher Darling—top right). The churchmen scene from "Lenny" (Sam Stone—bottom left), Dean Jones and Patricia Morrison duet in "Pal Joey" (Christopher Darling—bottom right).

they do want to do at least one a season—and of course the originals—always the originals. In this line the most "sure-bet" under consideration is a new play by Donald Driver (the author of the next up *Status* and the highly successful *Your Own Thing*). This one has all the makings of . . . well . . . it's a murder mystery set in a drag club. What can you say?

Important, too, both for them, the community, and especially the local actors who work with them—most of the shows are cast locally, with open casting calls—they have expanded their theatre to a full union Equity operation, providing not only showcases and apprenticeships, but jobs. Jobs both now and, because of the new inner-industry audiences being attracted, good chances for future work, both with others and the Wortman and Hartzog rapidly expanding mini-empire. There's that ever-present expansion, onward and upward into television and films, and right now the plan for the plays—to send 'em on the road, would you believe Chicago turned down *Lenny* from them as too dirty? CHICAGO?! So they've begun looking into creating their own yellow brick road to follow, haggling to buy more theatres both in San Francisco and Ventura, but as for now plans for L.A. seem at best tentative. Really funny thing. Can you

envision all this in San Diego? Nothing of this caliber in L.A.—the C.L.O. is big and stuffy and filled with those second-hand touring editions, and the stars won't stretch out here in the little showcases. Of course, if they'll go to San Diego. . . . Maybe someone should try asking. . . .

But, back with W&H Co., more concrete and under construction is the latest co-venture, a restaurant. Perhaps it is a bit out of the entertainment line, but in keeping with the theatrical idea, it's been dubbed "The Backstage" in hopes it'll become THE local actors hangout, appealing to all the groups there. Again, it too has all the indications of a smash hit for the guys, a real gourmet restaurant, a la New York or San Francisco, with the works . . . two bars, one dinner and one just plain bar; entertainment, but I'll bet the diners and drinkers will provide more than the hired help; and JOBS, singing or playing or dancing or. . . . And don't even ask if you'll think it'll go—their track record! Can't miss!

Well, well—a quick check back provides us with a list of a gourmet restaurant/hangout, a beautifully refurbished theatre, a string of hits, the successful launching of a number of tours, and on and on. Come on, what'd you expect in less than a year? Miracles?

IN TOUCH dines out

A profusion of Tiffany lampshades, copies of the French newspaper *Le Figaro* varnished to the walls, flagstone floors and unmatched tables and chairs give a surprisingly intimate atmosphere to the sprawling, split-level dining rooms that can seat up to 200 at a time. Transplanted from New York City almost a decade ago, **CAFE FIGARO** had been primarily a coffeehouse. Two years ago the new owners, under the managership of Rick Proviso, expanded the menu.

Dinners can be assembled from the all a la carte menu and there are a number of "meal in a kettle" items and casseroles. The menu is very conscious of good foods other than meat, although a number of meat entrees are offered. They do their own experimenting with recipes so some dishes may be different than their namesakes in other restaurants. They serve from 1000 to 1500 people a day, so they must be doing something right.

The most popular items are their salads which range from Spinach Salade Maison, vegetable health salad, chef salad, fresh raw mushroom salad, and marinated artichoke heart salad to the Figaro salad, from \$2 to \$2.95, with a fresh greens dinner salad at \$.75.

A generous variety of sandwiches—hot or cold—and special cold plates are available and prices range from \$1.25 to \$2.50.

The "Meal in a Kettle" is filling enough for one person's dinner and a sufficient lunch or late supper snack for two—from \$2.25 to \$3.25. Individual bowls of soup are available at \$.75 and on Fridays, clam chowder at \$.95.

A selection of omelettes is offered from \$1.50 to \$2.25 and the chef will make up your own favorite, just tell him the recipe.

In the casserole department there's cannelloni alla Romano, croute au fromage (ham, tomato, mushrooms and onions on French bread, covered with Swiss cheese and fried egg) and beef ragout, from \$2.75 to \$3.50.

A number of cooked vegetable plates are offered from \$2.50 to \$2.75.

Linguini in red or white baby clam sauce is \$2.50; escargot a la Bour-

gignonne, \$3.75 for full serving, \$2.00 for appetizer. Curry a l'oriental comes with chicken, \$3.25, or shrimp, \$4.00. Boef aux champignons (ground sirloin with mushrooms and ragout sauce) is \$3.50. Halibut steak is \$3.75. Entrecote Cafe de Paris (New York steak) is \$6.50.

French pastries and cakes are \$.75, cheesecake \$.90 and fresh strawberries (in season), marinated in wine \$1.50, shortcake \$1.25.

A wide variety of coffees are offered from American at \$.35, espresso \$.40, capuccino \$.90 to Bengali at \$1.00.

Beer, cider and an extensive wine list complete the menu. Their biggest seller is their own Sangria a la Figaro.

I've had good luck with most of the foods although the curry (in a delicious fruit and nut sauce) is laid on with a trowel. After the fourth mouthful, I broke out in a cold sweat.

The service is fair, about ten waiters and waitresses on the floor at a time,

the atmosphere funky and relaxed, and the clientele is a cross-section of the community.

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AU PETIT JOINT is a promising restaurant, as yet unfulfilled. The name is a stroke of genius, suggesting a tiny room, funky ambience, a near-French menu and good food at reasonable prices. The size, appearance and menu listings live up to expectations, but one's taste buds and pocketbook are inclined to be disappointed.

The entrees are: filet North Sea turbot-Parisienne (\$4.25), baked chicken (\$4.75), roast leg of lamb with mint sauce, stuffed mushrooms—with seafood and sauce Bordelaise, coq au vin, chicken liver saute Madeira with mushrooms and broiled Lake Superior whitefish (\$4.95), beef Stroganoff, beef brochette with mushrooms and broiled Chinook salmon with tarragon butter (\$5.25), sirloin steak and veal Cordon Bleu (\$4.50). A couple of daily specials are also featured.

The dinner includes a tureen of soup, salad bowl and fresh vegetables. Dessert and beverage are extra. Assorted pastries are available for \$1.00 and beverages at \$.35; bringing most complete dinners over the six dollar mark.

The tureen of soup is a welcome idea. Their puree Mongol was not bad. The salad is comprised of many vegetables and grated cheese, but comes out almost tasteless, as do the cooked vegetables. The turbot was bland and the flavor of the small veal Cordon Bleu was completely drowned out by the smothering sauted mushrooms. They would do well to seek the advice of a French gourmet chef.

But the place is so inviting and it's the type of restaurant we need more of, so I'll be back to see if it lives up to its promise.


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the **IN TOUCH** body

When the editor of IN TOUCH asked me to write a regular column on bodybuilding, I shied away. I don't consider myself a writer. But on second thought, I realized that it's only a matter of sharing the information I've gained from years of experimenting with all sorts of courses and talking with experts in the field.

During these years of striving for a good physique, I'd followed a lot of good advice and, unfortunately, some bad, so I also hope to warn readers about some of the pitfalls.

At one time I trained with the heaviest weights possible, trying to gain every ounce of muscle I could. I got big, all right, but I found out the hard way that it could be used for posing only. All that bulk interfered with my ability to move with ease. I was "muscle-bound." Musclebuilding magazines claim there is no such thing, but from my own experience, and that of some friends, I've learned otherwise. This is why today I'm 25 pounds lighter and direct my workouts toward building *useful* muscle instead of muscle that has no purpose other than for hoisting

heavy weights.

Let me illustrate this with an example. Go into any gym and ask the instructor for advice on building the legs. Most likely, he'll tell you to do squats with as much weight as possible. You'll build up those legs all right, but you'll find that your walk has turned into a waddle. Try to climb a few flights of stairs and you'll be puffing like a steam locomotive.

So, what should you do if you want legs that are muscular, *shapely and useful*? You could take up football, soccer, tennis or any sport that requires leg work. But you must have a regular schedule for it to do any good. Even professional football players get out of shape in their off-season.

What should those who have steady jobs or travel a great deal do? A few years ago I experimented and finally settled on a few exercises that can be done anywhere, at anytime, but remember *results require regularity!*

Pictured here are my favorite leg exercises.

1—Calf raises—This exercise puts spring in your step. Position your body as in the photo. The hands are used only for balance, all movement comes from the ankle.

With knee locked, raise your heel as high as possible and immediately return it to the floor and repeat as many times as you can. Without a break, switch to the other foot and repeat, then back to the first foot. Keep alternating and doing the maximum number of reps possible until you can't do any more.

It's extremely important when exercising to maintain a constant rhythm so that you're never stationary. For the best results, the muscles being worked on must be under constant tension with a maximum blood supply.

2—Sissy squat—Contrary to the name it's stuck with, this exercise is a killer when done right, and it takes some practice to get on to it. Be patient and give it a chance. It's tops for developing and defining the frontal thighs and it helps give a graceful, springy walk.

This exercise is best done in a door-

way or, as pictured, between two chairs where balance can be maintained with a light touch of the fingers.

The hip and thighs remain locked, all movement comes from the knees only. The hip does not move as in regular squats.

To start, rest your weight on your toes and lean backwards. You'll feel the tension on your frontal thighs. With *all* movement coming from the knees, begin to descend until you feel a strong pull on your muscles, then, tensing the frontal thighs, raise yourself to the starting position and immediately repeat. As mentioned before, develop a steady rhythm to maintain constant tension.

Do as many repetitions as you can each time, taking as little rest between sets as possible. I've been doing *sissy squats* for several years and it never fails to pump my legs up to the limit. A nice thing about this exercise is it never gets too easy to do. As your legs develop and get stronger, just angle your body farther back to make it as difficult as you would like.

I hope that these exercises will be useful to you and I would very much enjoy hearing from anyone who might have a question about keeping in shape. This column is for you and your suggestions and needs will help to keep this space in shape and in touch with you.

—JIM CASSIDY





leisure

TRIPPING IN LAS TUNAS

by Phil Cipriano
photography by Bud McGinnis



"Golly," Mike said, looking up from his magazine, "I can't understand why people go through so much trouble and expense trying to get away from it all on the weekend."

I had just proposed the idea of going to Palm Springs or Big Sur to him and his roommate, Gary.

"I really can't see fighting all that traffic for four or six hours looking for something that I can find a helluva lot easier right here in my own backyard. And to top it all off it wouldn't cost anything to find a camping spot and we wouldn't have to fight the crowds going up the tramway or anything like that."

Gary cracked up laughing when he saw the puzzled look on my face. "He's talking about right here in the Santa Monica Mountains."

At first my mind registered "Will Rogers State Park," then I realized that there are a lot more areas around here than just Will Rogers. Los Angeles is blessed with having some of the most beautiful and rugged terrain in the area right within the city limits. For years we've been hearing and reading of the efforts of a few far-thinking individuals to preserve this treasure within our midst. It sounded like a great idea to get out and see why they think it's worth fighting for.

The next Saturday we all met bright and early (it wasn't really bright; the sun wasn't even up yet), checked over the gear we were bringing, packed ourselves and the gear into Buddy's "flivver" and headed for the coast. Our plan was to have breakfast on the road, then pick up the perishable items of food just before we hit the trail.

Mike and Gary had decided they were going to go easy on me, since I hadn't been camping since I was a Boy Scout. Therefore, we would enjoy a nice leisurely tour of the canyons around Malibu. Nothing too strenuous. Don't want to go too hard on the old man . . . ha, ha

After breakfast and a stop for our provisions we tooted on up the coast road. By this time the sun was fighting its way through the morning mist, dispelling the clouds which clung tenaciously to the mountaintops, and crowning the mountains with a golden halo. We had the makings of a glorious day for a camping trip.

The ocean waves saluted us from far

out in the bay winking in the sunlight as we rolled along up the coast, then shyly curtsied at the shore and reverently prostrated themselves on the sandy beach at the foot of the cliffs. It seemed as though Mother Nature was really anxious to make a good impression and was rolling out the welcome mat for our little party.

Just before we hit the east end of Malibu we turned into Las Tunas Canyon. Immediately the character of the land changed. We slipped into the breach in the cliff and along the ribbon of asphalt which rudely threaded its way into the mountains, lifting up as it hurried along its way. At first it seemed as though the very earth were trying to prevent us from continuing, the high, close walls of the palisade hugged the road so tightly. Yet, as we rose, the arroyo opened its arms and gently deposited us in a sea of golden grass. The car seemed to pick up its second wind as we sped through a beautiful meadow of waving grass, scurrying along the road toward the tree-covered mountains in the background. This was the sun-drenched California of a day that had long since marched into history.

The mouth of the canyon beckoned to us at the other side of the meadow. The trees nestled at its entrance waved us on enthusiastically, promising protection and relief from the heat of the sun's rays, which even now were testing their strength. Happily, the trees embraced us with their fresh greenness as we traveled on into a world apart, a world upon which civilization had not yet begun to encroach, where nature in all her glory still held sway.

"Every time we come out to places like this I feel as though I've just walked into a church," Gary whispered reverently. "It's eerie, somehow, awe-inspiring."

We threw quick glances back and forth between us as we drove along. I was sure that Gary had just expressed the feelings of all of us.

After a few more minutes of driving Buddy pulled off the road just beyond a picturesque little stone bridge over a brightly bubbling brook the like of which I, for one, hadn't seen since I left New York. On the other side of the brook a mischievous trail invited us along as it meandered through the brush alongside the brook and disappeared up

the canyon.

The scene which surrounded us was a delight to the senses. I breathed deeply the clean sweet air, filling my lungs over and over, clearing them of the stale taste of the city. To even think of smoking in this heady atmosphere was a profanity. My eyes flooded in relief as they rid themselves of the vestiges of the city's smog. My ears rang with the cacophony of nature in wild abandon: birds sang hymns in welcome, crickets chirped their greetings, the trees, standing like stately sentinels at the entrance to the canyon, whispered joyously as the wind ran riot through their hair, and the brook, too, lifted its voice in gleeful harmony as it tumbled merrily through the rocks and boulders in its path. My skin tingled with renewed life and vigor as it was bathed in the freshness of the earth and the cooling shade of the trees as they spread their limbs in a protective umbrella over our heads. This country, so close to Los Angeles, is such a completely different world as to be unbelievable. It's beautiful beyond words. After an entirely proper moment's

reverence to allow this awe-inspiring scene to be absorbed, Mike and Gary stripped off their jackets and set to work on the packs and other gear in the car. I was very thankful that Mike had stressed to me the importance of dressing in layers of clothing since it was starting to warm up considerably. This way I could remove only enough clothing to remain comfortable rather than be forced to keep my jacket on and become warm and sweaty and uncomfortable or else take the risk of being cold by taking off too much clothing. Too many people make the mistake of not dressing properly for this type of activity by wearing just a light shirt under a heavy jacket. They forget that this area is subject to wide fluctuations in temperature and they're not prepared for it.

As we started off up the trail Gary cautioned us to drink our water in sips when we felt the need. Not that we didn't have much water ... we had plenty. It's just that if you take big gulps of water while you're exerting yourself you're liable to get sick or have cramps. And he promised we would be





exerting ourselves as we climbed into the canyon.

Mike set a brisk pace that took us quickly into the canyon. At this point the trail was fairly easy going even though it skipped youthfully over the brook three or four times. It wasn't long before we were completely absorbed by the forest around us, mercifully cut off from the hectic day-to-day carryings-on of the city.

Being wise in the ways of the woods is something which comes only through experience. It was becoming more obvious that Mike and Gary had this experience in goodly measure. They handled themselves as though they were born to this rugged way of life. It was a good feeling to know that they were leading this merry little band on our way through a world only dimly remembered. I suppressed a little chuckle as my mind flashed on the motto of the Ailstate Insurance, "You're in good hands with Ailstate."

As we pressed on, the floor of the canyon became steeper and more rocky. Occasionally we found it necessary to steady ourselves with our hands. I was

becoming increasingly appreciative of Gary's admonition regarding footwear. "Make sure you're wearing a good, sturdy pair of shoes, preferably boots. Not those high-fashion things you see everyone running around town in, but a solid, well-made pair with low to medium heels. You'll need the extra support they give to your ankles. And make sure they fit well. I can't think of anything less enjoyable than hobbling along through the woods nursing a couple of blisters on your heels."

When we hit a widened out area along the stream, Mike decided to call a rest break while he scouted ahead for a suitable camping area. I guess during the flood season our rest area, a little pocket strewn with boulders and dead tree trunks, was filled with racing water. It looked as though it could be very treacherous during that time of year but right now it looked beautiful, almost primeval. That is until you spied the empty bottles and rusty beer cans that people, too thoughtless to realize what they were destroying, had left as evidence of their having been in the area. Such is the hand of man.

After a few minutes Mike returned with some good news. Our campsite was just ahead on a rise overlooking the stream where it widened into a little wading pool. When we heard that we made short work of getting our equipment up the side of the canyon and to the area that Mike pointed out to us. It was a secluded glen nestled on a promontory which jutted out over the stream. It was far below the top of the canyon but wide enough to be considered a plateau. In all, an ideal setting for our needs.

Mike and Gary quickly set about putting up a canvas shelter, more to keep the leaves from falling into our food than for anything else. The sun by now was high in the sky, drenching the canyon with its rays. Fortunately for us, by the time it filtered through our protective foliage it was cooled down enough so that we were able to enjoy it without becoming uncomfortable. Mike had chosen our campsite well.

When the campsite had been set up to their satisfaction Mike and Gary decided that they wanted to take a dip in the stream. As far as Buddy and I were concerned that sounded like a great idea... for them. To us the water was just a little bit too COOOOL. So we just relaxed and enjoyed the surroundings.

Presently, Mike and Gary returned from their little dip. Refreshed and invigorated, they confessed to having worked up a couple of ravenous appetites. Without too much encouragement we agreed that eating sounded like a great idea and persuaded the boys that they should do the honors of preparing the food.

After lunch we all agreed it would be great to just relax and take advantage of the all too rare opportunity to enjoy the riches of nature at its finest. And what finer way is there to enjoy nature than by soaking up the sun as we listened appreciatively to nature's own symphony played in a way that no orchestra in the world could possibly duplicate?

All too soon the sun signaled the passage of time, suggesting to us that we had better prepare to return. With more than a little reluctance we began to pack our things for the trip back to the city. Deep down I know that each of us is making a silent pact with nature to return again to her bosom at the nearest opportunity and often. After all, it's not very far.



IN TOUCH at home

Take a long moment to look at the walls in your home, the walls that continually surround you. Other than holding up your ceilings what do they do for the individual rooms, for the overall atmosphere of your home? Have you given them life or could you get the same vitality at the county jail?

One of the very first things I like to do when moving into a new house or apartment is to decorate the walls, make them an integral part of whatever feeling I wish to create. So often they're neglected, or worse, after care and consideration have been given to achieve a desired effect in a room, someone snatches the handiest thing in a frame and slaps it on the wall for "color."

While there's certainly no need to spend a fortune turning a wall into a private art gallery, paintings and prints have a very definite influence on a room. Choose wisely. Consider also: they are not the sole approach to wall decor. You can easily do something unique and inventive with taste that will give your rooms a fresh new aura.

**The old days of wall-to-wall, floor-to-ceiling draperies are fast becoming passé (unless, possibly, you work for the Mafia). Wallpaper is fabulous, and the trend is definitely on again. Whether it's a small mural, a single wall or a complete room, it's always right and not as difficult to apply as you may think. The bold patterns are great for making small areas appear larger and frequently that's all the wall really needs.

**It's so easy to fabric a bathroom or an entry . . . or any spare wall. Nail any size frames together using 2x2's or 1x1's with cross braces for support if the frame is large. Staple, tack or glue bright-colored fabric to the frame and hang it as a decorator piece or as a full wall panel. You may find it interesting to frame your fabric on the outside with a simple moulding. Personal taste is the best guide in choosing colors. You may use anything from alternate solid colors to elaborate tie-dye batik or fancy Scandinavian abstracts.

***"Mirror, mirror on the wall; This room is really much too small . . ." The old time-tested and proved remedy for small quarters: mirrors, lots of them. But put them where they can be seen

often. Many of the large chain stores sell mirror squares—with antiquing and colors, if you prefer. Used as they are or cut into smaller squares, rectangles or varying shapes, they do wonderful things to a wall and the rest of the room. It is an elegant look in anyone's book.

**If you like wood paneling, have the hardware or lumber company cut some panels of two-foot widths as long as you need and alternate a wall of wood and mirrors. Pecky cypress and pecky cedar are good woods for that. If you're not that fond of wood, cork will do nicely, and you'll need nothing more on these walls.

**Creating your own wallpaper is clever, fun and—if you're on a tight budget—inexpensive. The cartoon section of the Sunday paper will stimulate even more of a chuckle on your bathroom wall. Authentic foreign newspapers (whole sheets), especially the oriental ones, are very nice.



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A woman I know saved foil from cigarette packs and did her bathroom with them and lacquered over it. A gentleman above the Strip pasted entire walls with millions of dollars' worth of useless stock certificates. What a conversation piece!

Just about anything you can name is papering potential from canned goods labels and candy wrappers to menus, theatre programs and IN TOUCH centerfolds. A wild collage of magazine and newspaper clippings and cutouts is a real showstopper.

**For a somewhat mod and decidedly different approach, the auto junkyard is a gold mine: Pick out a very special car door, smashed ones have preference. Spray it gold, silver, black or your favorite color and hang it above the mantle or on any open wall. If you're fortunate enough to find a very special one with writing on it (e.g., BEVERLY HILLS TAXI AND LIMOUSINE SERVICE), you've got a treasure for which you're sure to be remembered . . . although probably not quite as much as my two doctor friends in Texas who took an entire dividing wall (be *extremely cautious* if you try this one) from a very cruisy john—graffiti, glory hole and all. They lacquered it and hanged it in their den with a very elegant portrait light over the top. They live with it still—and love it.

**Weathered wood used inside or out is very effective. One man did an entire den using vertical planks of random widths. The room has a wonderful feeling of warmth so typical of that kind of wood.

I've also seen it used in a herringbone pattern on double entry doors and, again, for a kitchen wall with the boards mounted vertically on the top half of the wall and horizontally on the lower half. A friend of mine with a wealth of patience created, on the wall behind his bar, a large wooden mosaic sunburst using different shades of old woods.

Walls are an endless source for new ideas that will add so much to the internal environment of your home. Probably nothing short of the furniture does so much to set the mood and style. They are large canvases waiting for you to create something on them. Don't let them go to waste just holding up the ceiling.

—FRED JEROLE

community

or subculture to describe the special conditions applying to any subgroup within our general society which has some degree of predictable interaction among its own members or between its members and the rest of society; which has any pronounced tendency to think in "them and us" terms, which has certain identifiable in-group attitudes, experiences, social activities, stratifications, etc., *even though these are not uniformly distributed throughout the group*. Speaking of gay community does not mean that all Gays are alike, that their experiences are identical, that all Gays feel sympathy for all others (though we wish they did).

If left-handed men or fellating women were to begin to interact significantly with others of their kind, to regard themselves as an in-group, they too would be on their way to becoming communities.

Sociologists generally expect any minority culture to have diverse elements within itself, substrata with differing interests and differing attitudes to minority status. Some in any minority wish only to disappear individually into the majority while some flaunt their differences. Others wish to homogenize, to erase all intergroup lines. Some seek recognition of the individual right to be different and others seek ways to strengthen the resources and *esprit* of the minority. These reactions, taken together, form a picture of that minority's overall response to minority status.

I prefer the last objective, building up the gay community, without assuming that it is the only valid long-term objective. I expect much further improvement in the conditions under which we now live. Still I doubt that prejudice will disappear entirely. We'll still need the protection the gay community offers—and protection isn't the only vital service a minority community provides its members. Gay children will continue to grow up in hostile het families, and many schools and churches will go on with het brainwashing, however successful we may be in reeducating a few clerics and educators. We will still need ways to rescue young Gays as

early as possible from the baleful effects of this brainwashing and crude oppression. We'll need more gay community agencies (only now available for the first time) where they can come to get their heads together.

Of course, if we believe as many older homosexuals do that we are actually unfortunate perverts, that our ability to love normally is distorted by bad upbringing, then society ought certainly to make every effort to keep "impressionable" youngsters away from us. But if we believe that being gay is a valid alternative life-style (or set of life-styles) and that Gays somehow continue to grow up in every variety of het backgrounds, and to become gay in spite of all attempts to alter them, then we have a duty to aid in the proper rescue and adjustment of emerging Gays.

• • • •

It seems natural for people to associate with those with whom they have much in common, though that needn't mean excluding other people from their lives. Therefore, as Gays increasingly outgrow their guilt and hangups about

being gay, and as the dangers of Gays associating with each other publicly decrease, we may expect gay social activities to diversify even more than in the past dozen years.

Before long we can expect networks of gay bridge clubs, chess or hiking clubs, bowling and softball leagues, hobby groups, professional societies. That doesn't prevent a homosexual who wishes to play bridge only with hets from doing so—the hets are welcome to him. But others will be *able* to find other Gays to share their interests, and for now, this remains a difficulty. "Why should I have to pretend to be het when I attend a professional meeting?" is a common complaint.

Some find this concept infuriating. "If I want to fuck," they say, "I have to look for someone who wants to do it with another man; but if I want to go bowling, I'll be damned if I want to do it with some faggot." I would assume that this unflattering opinion of other Gays reflects their sorry self-image. Indeed, one individual who most loudly expressed this view has now set up a bisexual swinger's club so he can even do his fucking with men who bring their hetero credentials along.

As for homosexuals who find the concept of the gay community hard to swallow, I suspect that what they really can't swallow is their own gayness.

• • • •

Members of most minority groups grow up within a subculture which supplies attitudes and skills for fending off outside hostility. They learn early to recognize the topography and perimeters of their own community. But the incipient Gay must seek out and help create his own community *after being educated for non-gay life*.

A few years back, writers like S.I. Hayakawa, the semantacist who saved San Francisco State from the student nasties, insisted pompously that all social problems could be solved by avoiding abstract words, and by denying that people differed from one another in any significant way. "Gay community" is clearly an abstract term, based on the notion that we differ indeed, though the borders and characteristics of that community are harder to define than, say, the black community.

For example, are persons who behave homosexually but do not identify them-

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selves as gay nonetheless part of the community? Practically, they are, since their behavior and attitudes shape certain general conditions of the community. Though many tea-room types don't regard themselves as homosexual, police action in the johns takes up a lot of gay movement attention. When by "community" we mean a network of social interactions, then they are part of it however they think of themselves. When we mean a community of affirmation, a community of free spirit, then many practicing homosexuals choose to be alien to it.

Again, a minority community is any group in society whose members may share a degree of identity, problems, aspirations and fears, and who make a special utilization of ordinary social institutions such as bars, baths, boutiques and now, churches and social agencies, to serve their unique needs.

The way minorities differ in how group membership is determined (by birth in ethnic groups, often by conversion in religious groups, by self-discovery among us) affects the shaping of individual and group attitudes; and minority solidarity is affected by the visibility quotient—high among Blacks, low among Jews and Gays—and the degree to which known minority membership may subject one to otherwise avoidable disadvantages. A telling expression of majority prejudice, bolstering individual ego at the expense of the group, is, "You don't *look* like a [what-ever]!"

Where minority defenses are weak, some minority members will try hard to escape the stigma, to hide, to deny group allegiance, even to deny that the group has any real existence or function.

Many homosexuals get hung up on uninformed notions of what constitutes a community, denying vehemently that Gays meet the qualifications. They insist that there *is* no gay community, because Gays live scattered all over; because Gays have no real sense of togetherness, no sense of community responsibility; or because so few participate in Gay Liberation efforts. But these assertions—partly true—do not deny the existence of gay community, but merely describe its present shape and character.

For while both the international

underground community of discreet Gays and the open street-corner society of queens and hustlers are at least as old as urban society, persisting generation after generation despite persecution and ignorance, the aboveground gay movement, which sees itself rather haughtily as the "Liberated Gay Community," is just coming into being—just seeking its true shape. While the eternal underground has surreptitiously occupied and redecorated its hidden corners and hustlers and queens have staked out bits of public turf, the politicized structures which rationalizing activist Gays have begun to create are committed to transforming or even demolishing the world of bars and balls, dinner parties and literary cliques, and the tension between the old demimonde and the revolutionaries sometimes threatens open warfare within the gay community. It is as necessary that the self-righteous liberationists pause in their headlong rational/political programs to learn from the demimonde, to appreciate the wisdom that has been thousands of years evolving,

as it is necessary for the underground to "come out" and for street people to accept a degree of responsibility.

* * * *

The gay community is far larger and more diverse than what appears near the surface. Even if one were to assume, as I do not, that our community is all of one piece, cohesive and homogenous, we would still each see it from diverse angles and would describe it much as the three blind men described the elephant, depending on what each one had hold of. Louis Adamic once called the U.S. a nation of nations. So the gay community is now a collage of communities, only starting to intermingle.

Some gay sub-communities are so self-contained or defensive that their members are unaware of or contemptuous of other gay scenes.

This is not to say that we have no community of interest. But anyone making pronouncements about the interests of the gay community should take a closer look at all segments of that community before assuming that the interest of one type of Gay is the interest of all.

* * * *

I have discussed how the reaction of Gays to the stigma of being different has tended to create a gay community. Some will see this as terribly negative. But social progress is usually a matter of challenge and response. Throughout history progress has generally come from creative minorities, driven by dissatisfaction to change conditions.

The creative potential of the gay community rests only half in the disinclination of Gays to live the lives our parents wanted for us. We have made all sorts of compromises, but ultimately we must make a breakthrough. We try to conform, we try to hide, we try to live as if sex were all that mattered, we try to imitate hetero life-styles, but eventually, we must look into our own souls, into our own ancient collective experience, finding ways to be true to our own spirit, to liberate our own vision (that initial spark of difference), and then we shall create life-styles that flow out of our own undistorted dreams. We will help to create the new world, from which we will not be the sole beneficiaries.

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Striking, sophisticated, rustic ambience. At last, an Italian restaurant with no hanging plastic grapes. Medium price on the menu is \$4.25. Selective wine list. Groovy waiters. Discriminating clientele. 6810 Melrose Ave., Hollywood. 936-3100.

LILLIAN'S

Tiny dining room is almost always packed, as is their petit patio; so reservations are necessary. Call 874-7011. Menu changes daily. Home-style cooking, lots of food at a medium price of \$4.25. Wine is offered. No bar. Clientele is cross-section of community with some straight friends. 1253 N. La Brea Ave., West Hollywood. Closed Sunday and Monday.

PARISE'S

Charming French Inn, beautifully decorated in elegant Provincial style. Interesting French menu is medium-priced at \$5.25 and includes a special dinner for \$2.50. Lunch is served Tuesday through Fridays, 11 a.m. to 2 p.m., starting at \$1.50. Sunday champagne brunch served from 10 a.m. to 2 p.m. Wine and beer available. 707 N. Heliotrope, Hollywood. 663-2811. Closed Mondays.

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Two dining rooms open to full bar and piano bar. Exciting menu, with medium price of \$4.50. Bargain Early Bird and late supper menus. Entertainment after 9 p.m. Videotapes during cocktail hours. Very good food. Groovy, friendly waiters. Reservations are suggested; call 652-4210. 365 N. La Cienega Blvd., West Hollywood.

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GALLERY ROOM

Small crowded dining room open to full bar. Interesting saucy menu at medium price of \$4.25. Attracts aspiring actors, who in turn attract... Cocktail hours are especially cruisy. Reservations are suggested by calling 654-7811. Lunch is served. 8100 Santa Monica Blvd., West Hollywood.

K'S STAR ROOM

Full bar in dining room. A '40s ambience and clientele. Pleasant waiters. Steaks and a few specialties. Adjoins coffee shop of the same name. Medium price is \$4.50. 1271 N. Vine St., Hollywood. 462-9647. Lunch weekdays only

KEITH'S

Country-western dining room and kitchen. Full bar. Noted for groovy waiters and bartenders. Medium price of the menu is \$3.75. An old-timer in the community. Sunday brunch, 11801 Ventura Blvd., North Hollywood. 762-1818.

NAPOLÉON'S

Main dining room separated from full bar by dividers. The medium price of the American-Continental menu is \$4.00. Sunday brunch 11 a.m. to 4 p.m. Afterhours dancing Fridays and Saturdays 1 a.m. to 6 a.m.; with breakfast served. 11608 Ventura Blvd., Studio City. 769-3337.

VALLI HAUS

Attractively decorated dining and bar is part of a complex of shops. Do your laundry while you dine on American-Continental cuisine. Medium price of the menu is \$3.50. Check out the dollar dinner special, Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, a tasty snack. Well-trained waiters. Patrons tend toward the chichi. Reservations suggested by calling 762-1972. 11012 Ventura Blvd., Studio City. Sunday brunch; closed Sunday nights.

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Open 24 hours. Attractive decor, funky waiters. Clientele ranges from drags and hustlers afterhours, to straight businessmen at lunchtime. Hamburgers, omelets, and salads are featured. Quality and service varies. Beer and wine served. 6776 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood. 464-0667

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ZUMA BEACH—Nudity, nakedness, flesh, and healthy-minded people of all sizes and shapes are casual and carefree here. There's no sense in feeling self-conscious, if you're naked you're naked and nude is the only way you will be at Zuma Beach, around the rock. Drive north on Pacific Coast Hwy. from Los Angeles and Malibu.

SUNRISE CLIFFS BEACH—As the sun begins to break through, and you have finished your Sunday morning social at the Outrigger in Mission Bay, drive south back in towards San Diego and the signs lure you off to the right, to Sun Rise Cliffs. Just bring your towel along, nothing else. A very mixed friendly crowd wants to welcome you.

GRIFFITH PARK—Seasons come and seasons go. Now when you drive up to the Greek Theater and turn right to the tennis courts and you stop immediately for a little snack you may slip in the mud as you run from the police helicopter and the horseback rangers. But, if you move on up further along the trail be sure not to have matches or cigarettes on you when you go for a hike, for you may find yourself up against a violation. Meditation, however, remains best on the top of the mountain. You can still go up to look down onto the smoggy Jewel.

BARNSDALL PARK—All the bushes are gone now, so perhaps you could continue to be more discrete here. Olive grove and Frank Lloyd Wright design intended for meditation cool it and all can work out meow. On Hollywood Blvd. near Vermont, in Hollywood at the fringe of Silverlake.

TORREY PINES—(Sunrise Cliffs) Nude beach closed. San Diego.

MOVIE HOUSES

PARIS THEATER—Feature-length films, 8163 Santa Monica Blvd., West Hollywood.

VISTA—Feature-length films, 4473 Sunset Drive, Silver Lake.

RICHARD'S THEATRE—Features and Shorts, 5228 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood

LAS PALMAS THEATER—Talking featurettes, Las Palmas at Hollywood Blvd., Downtown Hollywood

QUICKIE—Shorts and loops, 8325 Santa Monica Blvd. West Hollywood

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VINE LODGE MOTEL—Open. 1818 N. Vine, Hollywood

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AN OLD FRIEND—Private or party. 1830 Racquet Club, Palm Springs.

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LOCAL NEIGHBORHOOD SPOTS

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MANSFIELD HOUSE—Sometimes open for business, sometimes feature films, sometimes fun party crowd gathers, always a big spot on Halloween. 2600 Sunset Blvd., Silver Lake

NUT HOUSE—Latin neighbors social. Plenty of atmosphere with friendly bilingual bartenders, waiting for you. On Hoover near Melrose, Silver Lake.

FOUR POSTER—Silver Lake neighbors social. Always friendly, sometimes cruisy weekday afternoon. Silver Lake, Los Angeles.

WOODY'S HYPERION—Healthy, young crowd most nights. Food and teeming masses on Sunday. Lively spot for the north side of Silver Lake

SHINGLE SHACK—Nestled in a friendly hill-

side community in Silver Lake, this spot is always neighborly and the cruising is often more than cordial. 1941 N. Hyperion, Silver Lake, Los Angeles.

BOX CAR—Quiet. Interesting layout, waiting to catch on. Sometimes Sunday congregations. 2906 Los Feliz, Atwater.

FLORENTINE ROOM—Friendly cocktail crowd, mixed around pool table. Neighborhood elbow benders and professional bartenders ready to welcome you. 4579 Melrose, L.A., just off the Hollywood Frwy.

LATIN FLAME—Black velvet with flickers of red wine, dark quiet lounge with bursts of laughter punctuating the murmured Spanish. Quiet, romantic, and lush atmos with some fiery customers. Melrose at Van Ness, Hollywood.

BRASS SPUR—Wilshire District social plus visitors for light cruising. Sunday brunch and friendliest bartenders make worth your while. On Vermont just south of Wilshire in Wilshire Center.

NARDI'S—Quiet downtown lounge, social weeknights, cruisy weekends. Small crowd and beautiful bartenders. 665 E. Colorado, Pasadena.

THE OFFICE—Mixed neighborhood, some trade, friendly bartenders and pleasant customers. Just down the block from the DAILY DOUBLE, Pasadena.

DAILY DOUBLE—Practically private social event. Not too friendly but a few interesting numbers. 3739 E. Colorado, Pasadena.

THE OLD WEST—Formerly the BIG JOHN. Someday this sawdust barroom could catch on. 5150 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood.

THE HAVEN—The Valley comes into downtown Hollywood. There's plenty of room for dancing, which is coming soon to this growing little clubhouse. 5903 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood.

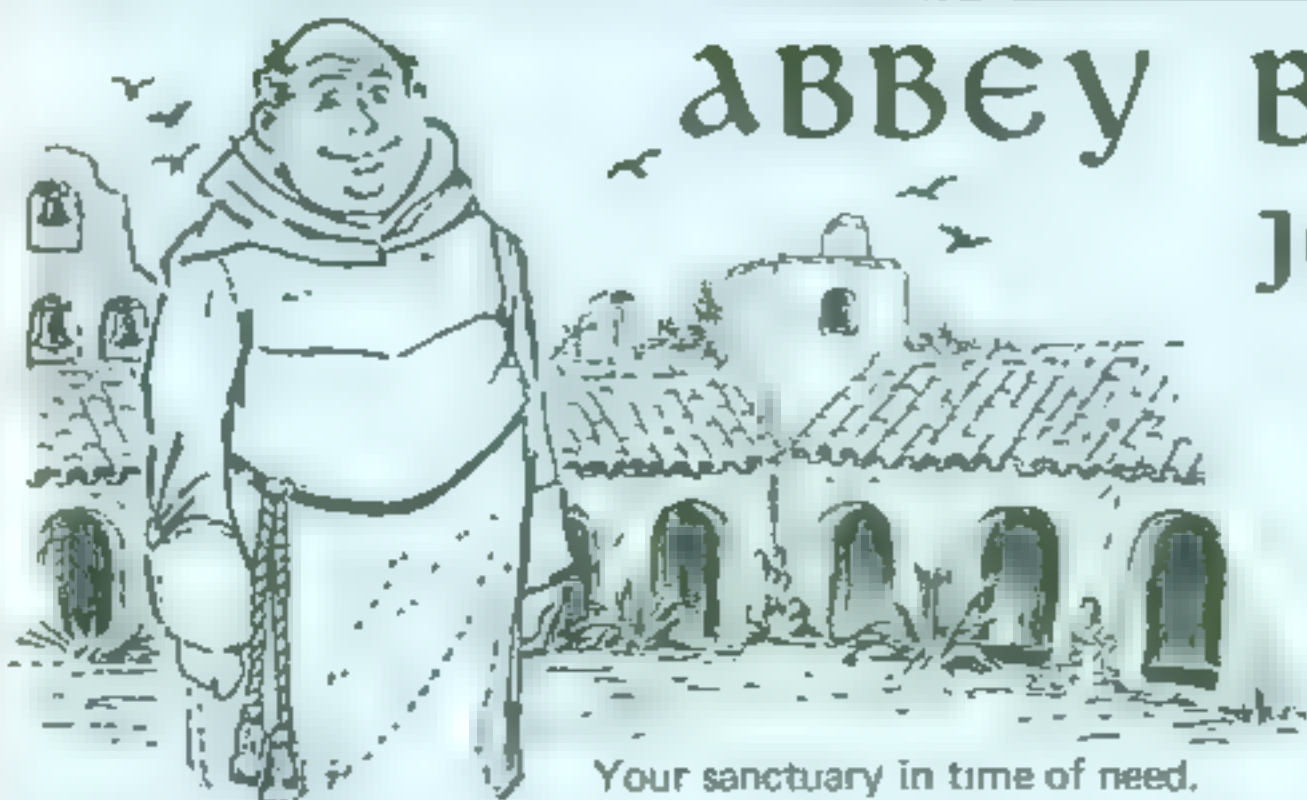
DAVID'S—Certainly not just a neighborhood bar. A loyal clientele and dining keep the bar interesting. 7013 Melrose, West Hollywood.

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JACKIE'S—Practically private for straights and drags only. 6023 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood.

RED CARPET ROOM—Guys and dolls rub elbows in the most congenial little bar in Hollywood. 6280 Yucca, Hollywood.

DE PAUL'S—Comfortable cocktail lounge with talking bartenders and get-together drinking neighbors. 1729 N. Ivar, Hollywood.

FOUR STAR—Boystown neighbors social. Good crowd on weeknights, can be cruisy, heavy on weekends. 8857 Santa Monica Blvd., West Hollywood.

GALLERY ROOM—After dinner casual gentlemen stay on every night to form consistent young crowd. 8100 Santa Monica Blvd., West Hollywood.

BEACH BOY—Beachcomber set in the heart of Hollywood. Good afterhours spot to sober up. 7113 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood.

VALLI HAUS—Crowds for dinner often stay over for socializing. Popular for lovers and other strangers. 11012 Ventura, Studio City.

KEITH'S—Sociable Valley stop, before or after dinner. Crowd gets silly when the liquor and laughter flows and a little sad when it closes down. 11801 Ventura Blvd., Studio City, across from the Hayloft.

CANYON ROOM—Extremely delightful bar-

tenders play host for neighborhood conclave. 13625 Moorpark, Sherman Oaks.

THE ATTIC—North Hollywood very mixed interweaving crowds. Big boys and girls Sunday socials. 11717½ Victory Blvd.,

TONY'S—Entertainment, when open. Nice lounge. 10618 Burbank Blvd., North Hollywood.

BLACK KNIGHT—Just a black box with beer and a small cruisy crowd. Not just neighborhood. 10932 Burbank Blvd., North Hollywood.

FORSOOTH THE DRAGON—Across the street from the Knight, uniquely laid-out bar, some dancing, afterhours for area. 10937 Burbank Blvd., North Hollywood.

HANGED MAN PUB—The corner bar has turned gay. Small but not quiet, beer and pool neighborhood tournament. 10522 Burbank Blvd., North Hollywood.

LA CARAVELLE—Just across the street from the beach, a pleasant lounge at night and a fun patio for sunbathers. Also local dining and seafood. 54 W. Channel Rd., Santa Monica.

PINK ELEPHANT—Quiet Venice bar near old boardwalk. 2810 Main St., Santa Monica.

BEACH ROAMER—Nice little beer barroom stop in the middle of Long Beach's gay miracle mile. 1064 E. Broadway, Long Beach.

SAM'S PLACE—Mixed bar on the miracle mile. Small weekday crowd. 1744 E. Broadway, Long Beach.

P-M CLUB—Lively part of the miracle mile circuit. 1720 E. Broadway, Long Beach.

HUNGRY HORSE SALOON—Funky little bar near enough to the beach and baths. Good place for a tall cool one with the gang. Sundays good. Newly afterhours.

HOP HOUSE—Neighborhood boys bar around the corner from Diablo's. Growing lively atmosphere. Frolicsome crowd. 3827 Park Blvd., San Diego.

DOLL ROOM—Mixed little beach bar with brotherhood and sisterhood. Drink here, dance up the street. 756 Ventura, Mission Bay, San Diego.

SKIPPER'S—Cozy little cocktail lounge can be found in a retirement vacation motel restaurant. Good place for a secret rendezvous. 6737 La Jolla, La Jolla.

SEE SAW—Busy with plans to change into cruise and score spot this place already has a lot going for it. Plenty of room broken up into different sizes. Kitchen and dinette, large patio adjoining the private rear parking lot, game room, and long bar. Friendly bartenders, pleasant stop. 7713 Beverly Blvd., West Hollywood.

B.J.'s—Small friendly crowd with dancing weeknights becomes mixed and leather crowded afterhours weekends, down the street from Black Pipe makes it Must Score afterhours. 2692 S. La Cienega, Los Angeles.

FALLEN ANGEL—Quiet and friendly neighborhood hangout for middle-aged Wilshire district. Travis tends bar with good conversation. 2709 W. 6th, Los Angeles, Wilshire District.

JOLY'S—Neighborhood weeknights becomes hot spot for the Wilshire District on week-

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ends. Gets crowded and sometimes cruisy. 117 S. Western, Los Angeles, Wilshire District.

THE (NEW) NEW WORLD—Remodeling for fun, cruising, and afterhours. 12319 Ventura Blvd., Studio City.

TYKES—Always good conversation, very neighborhood in a very gay community, fun while waiting for laundry, can be a place to meet someone new for whatever. 4306 N. Figueroa, Highland Park, in L.A.

GOLD RUSH SALOON—Western image comes to life afterhours. Mixed crowd socializes and then cruises afterhours western additions. Formerly The Alibi. Good jukebox. Nice guys running the joint, trying hard out there. 480 Pomona Mall, Pomona.

TENDER TRAP—Neat little bar, a survivor. Feel at home with the townfolk. Afterhours cycles swell with the full moon weekends. Not dead. 667 W. Holt, Pomona.

INQUIRE—Long bar with plenty of friends sitting around. Very personal and almost private. Sometimes wandering minstrels entertain. Cocktails educated. New location. 3974 Atlantic, Long Beach.

LITTLE SHRIMP—Exciting coral reef atmosphere, aquarium bar, crowded weekends, weekday beach bar social. Very nice, like a

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honeymoon spot, a place you would like to remember as the years roll by. Sort of down an alley, keep looking. 1305 S. Coast Hwy., Laguna Beach.

CAPRI—North Hollywood social with cruising of new blood and chatter of old conversations which hold drinking buddies together. Crowded Sunday afternoon with buffet bash. 6131 Vine, and, North Hollywood.

MAGNOLIA INN—You can't help but like this quiet little place. Friendly, nice, helpful if you need to know where to go, at any time. 12136 Magnolia, North Hollywood.

THE BRANCH—Moderate, moderate, moderate push and piano. Office break lounge to cool off the pressure of the doldrums of a draggy day. Pleasant and safe place. 13548 Ventura, Studio City.

PLUSH PONY—Chicano chicks play host to Latin boys. Everybody welcome for pool, familiarization, socialization, and plans for later recreation. 5261 Alhambra, Alhambra.

VAGABOND—Friendly talking bartenders serve good liquor to vagabonds who care to pull into port for awhile. City bar. Friday and Saturday busy neighborhood crowd. 315 E. Florence, Inglewood.

MASON'S BAR—Opening soon for San Diego's boys and girls together trip. Should be fun. 1211 Market St., San Diego.

THE HANG UP—Factory queens mix with foundry trade in small joint with good jukebox and beer. Cruisy party on weekends for small bunch. 7810 Santa Fe, Huntington

Park.

CROW'S NEST—Light atmosphere. Extra nice management willing to please new customers. Weekends filled with friendly family of friends. 9306 E. Alondra, Bellflower.

RABBIT HABIT—Flakey, raunch, and semi-western quiet toilet. Not too friendly, very neighborhood, rugged bunch holding up quiet business. 7312 Pacific, Huntington Park.

RUBY RUE SALOON—Small dancing group encircled by light western cruise group. Nicely mixed crowds around bar with helpful, conscientious bartenders. 1103 N. La Brea, Inglewood.

TIKI HUT—South Pacific atmosphere sways nice weekend gatherings. Quiet weeknights. 9642 Garden Grove, Garden Grove.

WESTSIDE—Increasingly popular area has given more recent nod to long established dining spot. Bar cruising growing and developing into new mix. More growth changes coming. Keep your eyes open. 6112 Venice Blvd., Los Angeles.

OAK LOUNGE—remodeling. **REMODELING**, changing. **CHANGED**. 11518 Burbank, North Hollywood.

FRIENDS—Open from Thursday to Sunday, slowly catching on and building loyal neighborhood crowd. Truly a place for friends to meet. Nice guys run things here. The "Idea" is catching hold. 735 E. Mission, Pomona.

IT'S A SCANDAL

JASON'S ADULT BOOKS

Up-to-date selection of adult books and magazines with some bargain racks. Large gay section. Open until 2:30 a.m. at 1702 N. Western Ave., Hollywood.

M/B CLUB—Two locations. On Melrose just west of the Hollywood Frwy. Good crowd. lots of Levi membership with strong flavor of leather. Best bring knee pads. Several dark rooms with sparse furniture.

M/B CLUB #2—Same principle—preying and praying. Neat little snack bar with campy jukebox. Various rooms to brush about in. 5643 Cahuenga, No. Hollywood.

SELMA'S—Not a bath with private rooms. A massage parlor with private boys. People who like people. They're that kind of people. And they know what they're doing. 5859 Melrose, Hollywood.

DRAKE THEATER—Destined for notoriety, this joint is an outrageous front for hot trade. Extremely jaded but pleasantly accommodating personnel operate an establishment at ease and rolling with trade, none of whom seem too naive, but smell of suburban trucks and factories. 7566 Melrose, West Hollywood.

HOUSE OF SEVEN—Not just another valley spot this new den seems to have found a tap on new proletarian playboys, workout men interested in having a weekend away from the suburbs without melting in steam and pouring back home to the wife and kids without a Sunday left in them. Dark corners have replaced wall space, which should bunch up any wall flowers that might stroll in undecided. 5645 Cahuenga, North Hollywood.

MINESHAFT—Wicked intentions disperse on weekdays but still carry a promising atmosphere, cruising and conversation, beer and

boys, nice and friendly. 1720 E. Broadway, Long Beach.

OCTAGON CLUB—Will she or won't she? No one may solve the mystery until Octagon Club is housed in one spot and run from one central office, which it may or may not intend to do. Some clues say that it will be San Diego's version of Big Sky and when it lights upon Marshall Scotty Playland Park it certainly seems like a Big Sky. You can enjoy it then at Hwy 8 and Jennings Rd., San Diego. But if you want to join you may find it has the same offices as Big Sky, except the answering service only knows about music and vending machines.

RECENTLY DEPARTED—RIP

4424—Los Angeles bath

ATLAS BATHS L.A.—West Hollywood.

HIGHLANDER—Pomona.

JJ's—Pomona.

OASIS—Pomona, straight.

PONDEROSA—Pomona, straight.

CORONET THEATRE—West Hollywood, be-
 ated adieu.

SAHARA THEATRE—North Hollywood.

BLACK DRAGON—Long Beach.

BOX OFFICE—North Long Beach.

DK'S—North Long Beach.

HI LO DOOR—Hollywood, friendly straight.

HOLIDAY ROOM—Hollywood

SPARTAN SPA—Hollywood.

CLIFF HOUSE BAR—State Beach, straight.

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 THE OLD WEST—Hollywood (formerly the Big John)
 STARDUST—Hollywood
 TIGER CLUB—Silver Lake Echo Park
 VEGAS LOUNGE—Hollywood
 NEW HAYLOFT—Wilmington
 BROADWAY WEST—Venice
 WESTWINDS—Venice
 EVERYBODY'S—Studio City
 GRANNY GOOSE—Van Nuys
 HAPPY MEDIUM—Reseda
 HEADLITE—North Hollywood
 LIBERATION DANCE HALL—North Hollywood
 LITTLE CAESAR'S—Studio City
 PLAYROOM—Van Nuys
 T.J.'s—Studio City
 VANITY BOX—North Hollywood
 WOODSHED—North Hollywood
 CLUB 2220—San Diego
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 PLAYHOUSE—dormant in North Hollywood.
 VIKING—Burbank
 CARIBBEAN ROOM—Long Beach
 CELLAR—Glendale
 LA CANTINA—Baldwin Park
 HOLD—Santa Monica
 BUOY SHED—Long Beach
 LITTLE DIPPER—Sherman Oaks
 THE BLACK PIPE—Los Angeles
 OLDE CITY—Hollywood (Now the Brasserie)

TRAP—Tarzana
 SQUEEZE BOX—Van Nuys
 CRYSTAL BALL—Venice
 HAT RACK—Redondo
 NARDONE'S DOWN—Redondo
 TWO GUYS—Redondo
 MATADOR—Hawthorne
 AL'S PLAYHOUSE—Bellflower
 SPOT—Glendora
 ACACIA INN—Fontana
 THE PARK—Los Angeles
 LA TUBS—Los Angeles
 SHERIFF'S OFFICE—Silver Lake
 BIG SKY—Sunland

—DAVED JADE

theatre

Donald Driver play directed by the author at San Diego's Off-Broadway Theatre, is not my cup of tea. Although Chicago went absolutely wild over it, New York gave it short shrift and I fear that I share their low opinion. Briefly, it concerns a factory worker (numbered 5 on the social scale) who writes a sort of pamphlet the clergy considers dirty. That about says it for the plot which concentrates upon Horace Egin and his relationship with two women, a potential boss to whom he applies for a leg up out of the factory and his dreary parents who browbeat him throughout the course of the play. There was very little to laugh at during a very long evening and David Wilson's physical presence threw the whole thing out of focus anyway. Mr. Wilson is twenty-four and the program states he was born on a mountaintop in Tennessee. Now a disturbing fact must be admitted at this juncture of this review: Mr. Wilson has a lovely bottom. That, in itself, is no great har-

dicap for any actor. But director Driver has seen fit to encase it in tight Levi's and lean it out toward the audience as Wilson stands against an imaginary saloon bar. Inasmuch as there is precious little to engage the attention at this point in time, the audience is left with no alternative but to look at *that*.

In addition to this, he is an exciting actor, one of the most promising I have seen since James Dean and Don Johnson began their careers. He is a powerhouse of burning energy and he fans the show frequently to a semblance of life. Those who saw MGM's *Going Home* will recall his scenes with Jan-Michael Vincent. Fox is about to release his new film, *The SevenUps* in which he plays a Mafia hood. I only wish I could have seen his Stanley Kowalski in Tennessee Williams' *A Streetcar Named Desire* which he toured last summer with Sandy Dennis. His co-star here is Gail Strickland, no slouch in the body department either. She, too, is a splendid performer, standing her ground with David in every scene and never allowing him to play her off the stage. She appears in a series of stunning frocks and is perfectly cast

as Horace's teacher who jumps into bed with him even before she has graded his report card (or perhaps that is necessary to her assessment).

The real disappointment at the Off-Broadway lies in Ray Walston as the Boss. It is a role peculiarly unfitted to My Favorite Martian and his antennae are never attuned to any of it. I have seldom seen a star miss so badly in a major role. Mr. Walston makes absolutely no impression at all and, by the time the final curtain has rung down, you have completely forgotten he is in the cast. A large number of other actors give lip service to their roles. However, a few comic lines might be deemed worthy of note.

She: "I'm going to get stood up."

Her Chum: "That's not the position I'm worried about."

Ma: "In the Bible everybody is screwing everybody all the time and they don't even care which end."

Which brings me back to Mr. Wilson and where I came in.

—ALLAN LEOPOLD

films

erup to that great mass of loose threads. The Warren Commission Report. It does come at a time when such revelations are being made and this makes *Executive Action* an important film. The film cannot help but reawaken interest in the style of people linked to the Dealey Plaza assassination of President John F. Kennedy. The fact that both Lee Harvey Oswald and Jack Ruby can be connected to the overlapping networks of intelligence, counterrevolution, and organized crime which ten years after the assassination have coughed up the Watergate crew will make the similarity in style more than interesting. The film gives an educated look at the networks that produced the crime, allowed the crime, and began the initial coverup of the Dealey Plaza incident, November 22, 1973.

Executive Action is a dry experience made interesting by facts we should already know. It is a dramatized lecture with sometimes performances by Burl Lancaster and Robert Ryan. It is a portrait of the Dealey Plaza incident and no more. It seems real and probable but as artistic and useful as a Polaroid snapshot.

CHARLEY VARRICK, LAST OF THE INDEPENDENTS draws on the

old Hollywood obsession with production values. This saves the film from the drabs of the harsh reality it strives towards. This strange blend of fantasy and reality made the film convincing and entertaining when by rights it shouldn't be.

The film is a collection of some of the best stunts to be offered and the story is highly believable. But why? Why is Charley Varrick believable? From the onset of this David and Goliath chase it is very important that not only is The Organization found everywhere but that it is better organized than any police department, public service, or corporation around. And yet, this is never foisted on the audience. We are not lectured.

The chase grows from a small caper into a huge national nightmare. This nightmare is personified by the Hit Man played precisely, coldly, and accurately, by Joe Don Baker. He carries an evil inside of him that terrifies the disgust and contempt, usually held for such types, out of you and into a realm of the inconsequential. He cuts through the melodrama of the role and threatens you directly. Where can such powerful evil come from? Your fear nourishes on this question and all you can do is hope that Charley Varrick can out-trick the odds. The Hit Man is part of a machine and there are many others being duplicated

in mercenary wars around the globe. Charley Varrick was the last of the independents. It's a terrible reality this film creates yet it is arranged for good entertainment but with that same questionable morality of most horror films.

Space doesn't allow me to say much about *THE ICEMAN COMETH*, allow me to be a little abstract. The film contains some of the most concrete, nitty-gritty, gut-level performances I have ever seen. In its more than four hours the unique experience that *is* legitimate film was realized. The play itself has become important to me, however. In the most gross language O'Neil talks of universal truths, philosophical concepts, and psychological motivations. The thesis of the play is that the truth destroys people and they must be allowed to have their "pipedreams." This thesis is challenged in an argument between the aging anarchist, Larry Slade (Robert Ryan) and the traveling salesman, Hicky (Lee Marvin). In a fantasy sheltered by the most cynical terms of survival Larry speaks for pity and the need for illusions. Hicky, on a platform of righteous self-justification, speaks for the curative powers of truth. After four hours of tearing at all your "pipedreams" nothing is proven. The thesis of the play can only be proven when Hicky finally realizes that the *truth* has destroyed his friends.

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11 x 14 Sepia



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9½ x 14 B&W

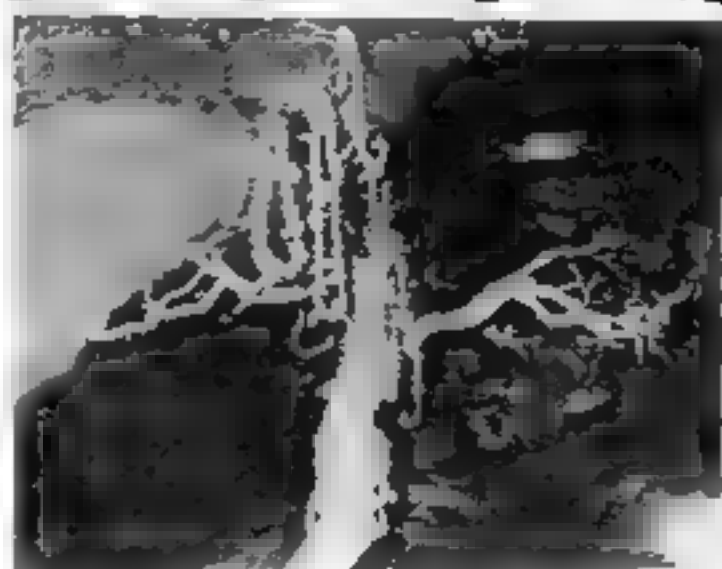
more films

FANTASTIC HEROES, directed by Dick Martin to show the development of homosexual desires in the armed forces, takes place in a secret nerve gas sight in New Mexico. Well-scripted by De John, it was produced by Barry Knight, who also handled the photography decently. The cast includes: Jim Wyatt as the gay lover, Paul Roberts as

the straight lover, Jim Davis as the "super straight dude," and soldiers Tom Smith, Curtis James Lee, Edward Lee Eliot, and Gorton Hall as the sergeant.

Fantastic Heroes is a coming-out love story. Jim Wyatt, the obvious Gay in the company, doesn't care anymore about putting up a front. His love for Paul Roberts is unrequited and mocked. Paul is "getting short," soon to be going home and back to "a real girl." As far as he is concerned it's over; he no longer wants anything to do with his little

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Jim Davis as the Super Straight soldier in "The Fantastic Heroes" (Jaguar Productions)

cocksucking buddy. The flagrancy of this sordid relationship breaks down the fantasies the other "straight" soldiers have for themselves and allows the fantasies they have for each other to take over. Standing guard becomes mutual jack-off time. A poker game fight becomes a fuck scene across a broken cot. Shower scenes become suck scenes. The straight lover doesn't notice what's happening all around him. He is too busy wallowing and casting shame. The night sleeping scene is a beautiful wool-blanket-secrecy jack-off scene. Super Straight Dude begins giving comfort and sexual attention to the gay lover. They jack off and make out a little and come looking at each other from their cots.

The next day, Super Straight Dude pulls guard duty with the shameful Straight Lover. Straight Dude gives him a talking-to and tells him to hold on to a good thing and stop shitting on the one who loves him. They jack off and make out. When it's all over Straight Lover is convinced he should go back to the "little shithead" but Gay Lover has tried to kill himself. Straight Lover promises to get a house off the base where they can live happily. The alarm goes off. Nerve gas has leaked. Straight Lover saves them all by driving a truck into the main tank and blowing himself up.

—DAVID MINTON

books

form, and shoved. The crushing weight turned and John Nichols suffered only a broken leg—but he stayed sober for several weeks.

After Beverly, now a successful writer, living alone, invited his father out for a weekend to relieve his longsuffering mother of the incredible burden, the old man smashed up the cottage and fell drunk in the living room. Beverly dragged him outside, face down in a rose bush, to freeze in the snow. But the indestructible old cad stumbled back in next morning.

Nichols argues that his father was devil-possessed, and deliberately tormented his wife to death. They'd lived on her money for years (under his control, by English law) until her sons convinced her to cut him out of her will.

After her death, Beverly gloatingly shows the old man (sober and preening, looking forward to the prospect of finding a sexy wench—"no more of marriage") the new will, but he takes the bad news with fair aplomb and moves back in on his longsuffering elder son, staying sober for all his remaining years.

Early parts of the book are stylistically prissy, but the story gathers with great force. By comparison to John Nichols, Frederic Maugham seems only mildly cantankerous, and rather similar to the father of Winston Churchill at that.

Most beautifully written of the set is *My Father and Myself* by J.R. Ackerley (Coward-McCann, \$5, 219 pp.), a bit older than the other books. Ackerley died in 1967 after publishing three widely acclaimed books. He starts, "I was born in 1896 and my parents were married in 1919," and proceeds to give in non-chronological fashion a loving evocation of his unconventional father, largely to repay the failure to express that love during his lifetime.

His father was "adopted" shortly after leaving the Guards, by Count de Gallatin, who kept a collection of handsome young men and whose jealousy never cooled when Ackerley eloped with a young woman. She died soon after and Ackerley picked up but did not marry the author-to-be's mother. After

losing his first wife's inheritance, he entered the fruit business (bananas in Covent Garden) with another of the Count's boys. An altogether engaging cad, he had another mistress (with family) but would never again let himself be in anyone's debt, as he had been with Gallatin.

Young Ackerley's discovery of his father's wild oats comes concurrently with his own widening discoveries of the gay world, and he makes a relentless search for the truth of his father's relationship with the Count de Gallatin.

Three very fine books, though the shortcomings in the authors' views of their gayness will agonize many readers, in a way somewhat matched by Paul Spike's *Photographs of My Father* (Knopf, \$6.95, 259 pp.), a deeply loving account by a hetero son of an ideal father, revealed near the end of the book to be homosexual. Robert Spike, a Baptist turned United Church of Christ minister, had taken the once prestigious old Judson Memorial Church in Manhattan and made it the first Protestant center for street gangs. Then in 1963 he took a lead in the maturing Civil Rights Movement, pressing Protestants to make a real commitment. When he led the white contingent in the march on Washington, his adoring son (and a Jewish buddy) helped carry the National Council of Churches banner.

With intense sensitivity, Paul describes growing up in a happy, super-busy New Jersey home, proud of his father, hearing other people praise his father constantly, and hearing his father praise him. Nurtured lovingly into an age of rebellion, Paul agonizes through prep school while his father faces the brutal battle.

Then came the spate of assassinations. Paul's world begins to go out of focus. Over-sheltered by his father's love, he cannot find a purpose in his own life. He wants to be a writer but doesn't write. He begins seeing a psychiatrist—everyone he knew was already into that. His father moves out to Chicago to take a teaching job. Paul is dating a teen-age girl, and beginning to realize the depths of resentment against his mother, since the birth of his four years younger brother—not even mentioned before this.

Then a young minister tries to seduce

Paul, tells him that his father is homosexual. . . .

Half out of his mind, he calls his mother, the first time he'd ever turned to her for help. He talks to his father later—not getting any clear denial. Confusion, then a half acceptance. Spike, who is visibly aging fast under the strain of the Movement, later tells his son that the Johnson administration is cutting off critical OEO funds in Mississippi to step up the Vietnam war, and that he has been threatened by Sargent Shriver (whose anti-gay attitudes came out forcefully in the last presidential campaign) to keep his mouth shut: "The FBI knows about you, Rev. Spike.").

On October 17, 1966, Robert Spike's corpse was found in the guest room of an Ohio State University Christian Center he had dedicated that day. He had on only a raincoat. The back of his head had been gashed open. Protestant and civil rights leaders and Hubert Humphrey quickly sent messages of sympathy, but Columbus police circulated information that there was homosexual pornography and a list of local gay bars in the room. In interviewing many of Spike's friends, the KKK-leaning Columbus police say they'd been keeping tabs on Spike for a long time (though he'd only been in the city that one day, since years earlier).

A few days later it was revealed that the CIA had been financing the National Student Association, and it seems Spike had found out about that. With so many civil rights leaders either killed or framed on criminal charges in a short time, Paul became increasingly convinced (on fair evidence) that his father had been assassinated. Easier for him to believe that than to accept the meaningless sort of death which comes to many homosexuals. His final line is, "Father, I do not understand your death." Nor did he understand his father's homosexuality, but his father had given him no way to understand.

It may never be known who split Robert Spike's skull or why, but the Columbus police murdered his reputation, and many liberal churchmen rushed to obliterate his memory. Paul Spike, alas, will never understand his father's death until he can understand why a part of his father's life was hidden. . . .

—LYN PEDERSEN

february's *IN TOUCH*



FASHION: Ingenious Ross and Sands, the wild After Dark Club, and three groovy models are all in a Grand Funk with farout outfits suitable to the right now atmosphere.

COMMUNITY LEADER: In a complex of rooms on Melrose you can find a combination art gallery/tattoo parlor/gay(!) furniture store/theatre/studio. The person creating and holding all of this—and considerably more—together is Rick Herald and the subject of David Minton's and Hy Chase's report.

DISCOVERY: A complete change of pace from this month's Discovery is Wally Willemet and he's a perfect subject for February and Valentine's Day. Thom Taylor and Hy Chase create the missive and the results should shoot straight to your heart.

LEISURE: Got a camper? Follow Bill Mann and Bill Maness (those are real names!) up to Red Rock Canyon like Hugh Roberts and Bud McGinnis did and the results are more of the beauties of man and nature.

ENTERTAINMENT: The Fall Balls are over but the memories linger on and IN TOUCH takes a collective look at four of the bigger ones. Sometimes it boggles the mind, my dear.

LIFE STYLES: Our sociolosopher at random, Jim Kepner, takes an inside look at homophobia—how it operates and works against us from within our own group and community.

PLUS: An interview with a popular personality who is shortly opening in a controversial play; a special report on another important book by a well-known photo essayist; and our usual array of columns, information and humor.



GALLERY

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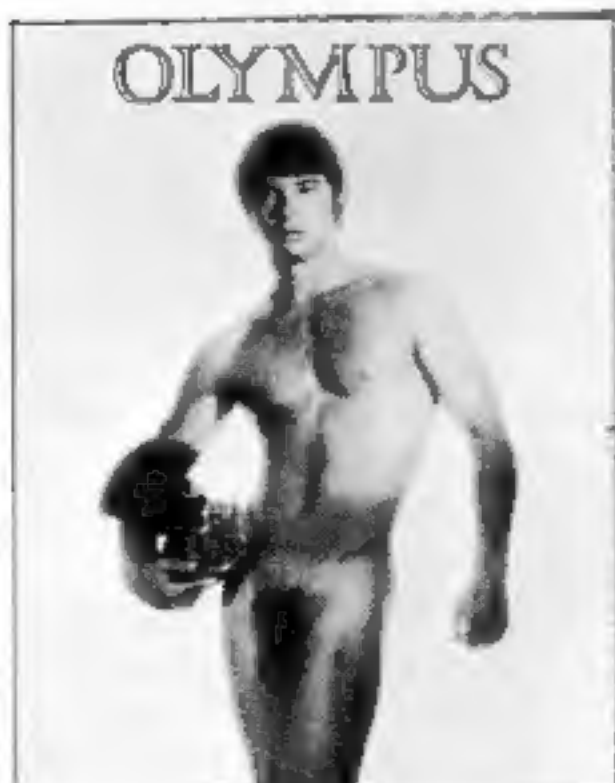
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"THE LIGHT FROM THE SECOND STORY WINDOW"

IS A RAY THAT WILL PENETRATE EVEN THE COLDEST OBSERVER; A MALE MOVIE MASTERPIECE... The most expensive and carefully-scripted homosexual chunk of cinema ever to come down the line will open in late September at a plush new Hollywood theatre following its star-studded New York premiere earlier in the month. Semi-autobiographical in tone, it emerges as piercing and illuminating in texture, and features everything from father-and-son liaisons to the drag mystique to sado-masochism. Yet, it manages, amidst all its orgiastic undertones, to evolve into a personal document of our times, one that some of us have partially either experienced or been exposed to. This is due to astute scripting not usually found in such Gay-oriented pictures, outstanding photography, crisp, zippy editing and glove-tight casting right down to the smallest "extra." It is not only David Allen's revamping of his celebrated book into filmic form... it is a statement as well as a steamy story, and it bristles with electricity and excitement!... It may well register "Deep Throat" grosses in the movie market, plus enlighten and engage the empathy of general "Straight" moviegoers as well... one thing's for certain, it'll be talked about for years to come!"

— Bill Dover, ACTION MAGAZINE

"The film contains more erotic footage and diverse activity than dozens of similar films put together, but here they are creatively thought out, intertwined with a hard-hitting dramatic story and a sensitivity never, ever seen before in any male erotic film. The 130 minute film builds in intensity and impact, to the final mind-boggling finale... And I suggest if you can't see it ONCE, then you must see it TWICE!!!"

— Bill Gary, ENTERTAINMENT WEST MAGAZINE

"THE LIGHT FROM THE SECOND STORY WINDOW" takes off like a jet-propelled rocket... This is a strong statement, even when limiting the picture to its own field. I'll go even farther to contend that 'Light' out ranks every big budgeted, Hollywood film with a gay theme made to date, with the exception of 'Midnight Cowboy.' In 'Light,' the good, the bad, the beautiful, and the ugly assume their proportionate perspectives to meld into a sometimes poignant, often shocking drama that is so realistic, homosexuals as a minority group can say, 'At last, they've made a motion picture for us, about us!' Perhaps, the very thing that I once abhorred, the fact that this is an explicitly presented film, is one of the contributing factors to its impact."

— Gerald Strickland, DAVID MAGAZINE

"Most gay films take a day or two to shoot. 'Light' took weeks to shoot and months to edit... The movie will soon be released nationally and should keep the audience on the edge of its collective chair."

— David Jade, GAY TIMES MAGAZINE

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